MUSICAL REPOSITORY

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Contains many hymns of R. W. Dod-
son The Engraver - See ii reference
to in Annals of Old Cemetery
M. E. Church (Camden) as
"Dodson of Sunday School renown" -
Samuel Ashmead was at one time
in charge of the choir (p. 60-61)
It is no doubt the "S. A"
who wrote the tunes to Dodson -
See Jacobs Ed. the book -

F. P.

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MAR 16

MUSICAL REPOSITORY,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR MUSIC,

PRINCIPALLY ORIGINAL, AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF

SABBATH-SCHOOLS,

AND

OTHER JUVENILE INSTITUTIONS.

Philadelphia:
ORRIN ROGERS, 67 SOUTH SECOND ST.
STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON.
1841.

RUDIMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON I.

1. The first sounds to be learned in vocal music are the eight notes, called the *Octave.* They may be sung to the syllables, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, faw, in ascending, and in descending, faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw.*

These should be practised until the pupils become familiar with all the sounds and syllables, ascending and descending.

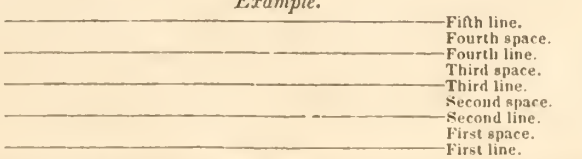
Questions.

1. What are the first sounds to be learned in vocal music?
   The eight notes, ascending and descending, called the Octave.
2. To what syllables may they be sung?
   In ascending, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, faw, and descending, faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw.

LESSON II.

2. Music is written upon lines and spaces, called a staff. The staff contains nine degrees, five lines and four spaces, which are counted from the lowest upward, first line, first space, second line, second space, &c.

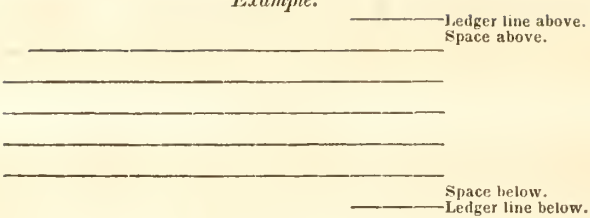
Example.



When more lines and spaces are wanted than are contained in the staff, a short line is added which is called a ledger line.

* Teachers who prefer the use of other syllables, may easily substitute them upon the *Black Board*, which is considered the most practicable mode of presenting to the mind of the pupil the principles of music.

Example.



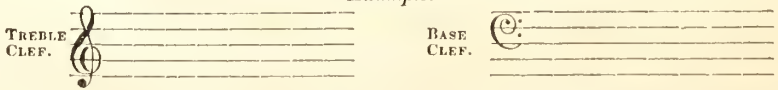
QUESTIONS.

3. What are those lines and spaces called?
   A staff.
4. What is the use of a staff?
   Musical characters are written upon it.
5. How many degrees does the staff contain?
   Nine; five lines and four spaces.
6. How are they counted?
   From the lowest upward.
7. What is a ledger line?
   A short line added above, or below the staff, for very high, or low sounds.

LESSON III.

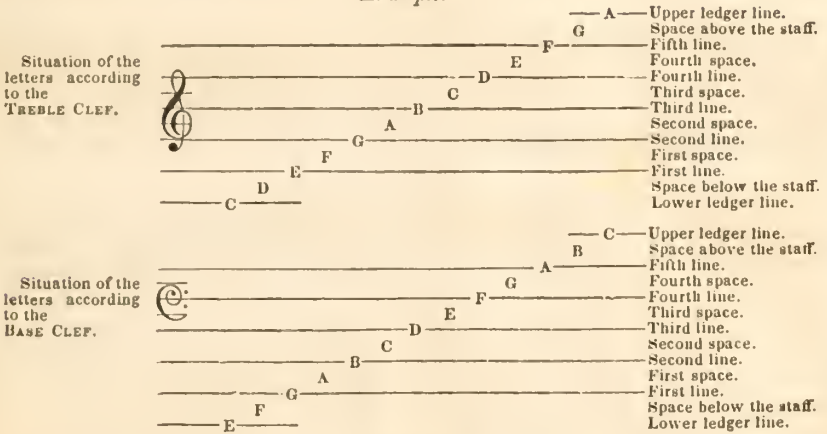
3. In music there are seven primary sounds, which are represented upon the staff by the seven first letters of the alphabet, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. The situation of the letters is designated by the Clefs, of which there are two in common use. The G Clef is used for the Trebles, Alto, and Tenor, and is placed upon the third line. The F Clef is used for the Base, and is placed upon the fourth line.

Example.



The seven primary sounds are represented upon the staff, according to the Treble Clef, in the following order. The lower ledger line is called C, the space below the staff D. the first line is called E, the first space F, the second line G, the second space A, the third

line B, the third space C, the fourth line D, the fourth space E, the fifth line F, the space above G, and the upper ledger line A.

Example.

QUESTIONS.

8. How many primary sounds are there in music?
   Seven.
9. How are they represented upon the staff?
   By the seven first letters of the alphabet.
10. What is a Clef?
    A character used to designate the situation of the letters upon the staff.
11. How many clefs are there in common use?
    Two; the Treble, or G clef, and the Base, or F clef.
12. How are the letters situated on the staff, according to the Treble Clef?
    C is the lower ledger line, D is the space below the staff, E is the first line, &c.

Note.—It is recommended to teachers, to avail themselves of the use of the Black Board, by which means they can put the questions to the school collectively, and let all answer until they shall become so familiar, as to give the correct letter to any line or space to which their attention may be called.

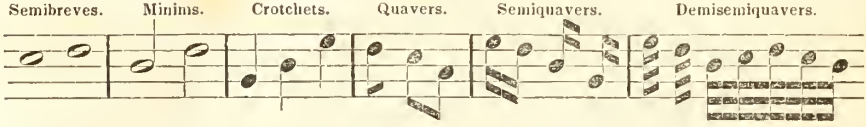
13. How are the letters situated on the staff according to the Base Clef?

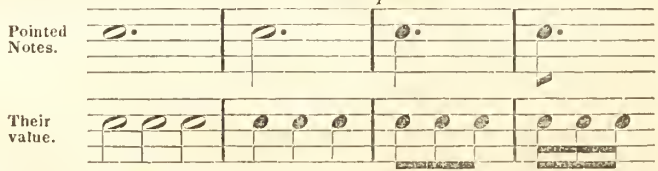
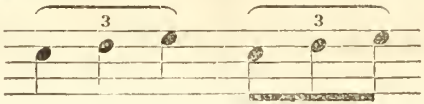
The lower ledger line is E, the space below the staff is F, the first line is G, &c.

Note.—The classes who do not sing the base, need not recite the letters on the staff.

LESSON IV.

4. Notes are characters written upon the staff as signs or symbols of sound, showing their length and order. There are six kinds, viz.: a Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver. The semibreve may be considered a whole note, the minim a half, the crotchet a quarter, the quaver an eighth, the semiquaver a sixteenth, and the demisemiquaver a thirty-second.

Example.

Therefore one semibreve is equal to two minims, or four crotchets, or eight quavers, or sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two demisemiquavers. A point placed at the right of either of these notes adds to it one-half of its previous length; thus a pointed semibreve is sounded as long as three minims, a pointed minim as long as three crotchets, &c.

Example.

A figure 3, placed over or under any three notes, shows that they are to be performed in the time of two notes of the same kind. Such notes are called Triplets.

QUESTIONS.

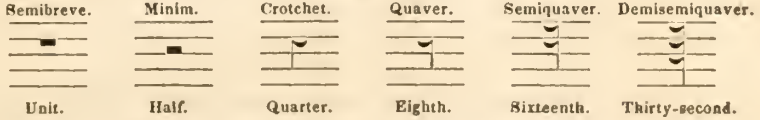
14. What are notes?
    Characters written upon the staff as signs, or symbols, of sound, showing their length and order.
15. How many kinds of notes are there?
    Six.
16. What are they called?
    Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver, and Demisemiquaver.
17. What would you call them to speak in the language of numerals?
    The Semibreve is a whole note, or unit, the Minim a half, the Crotchet a quarter, the Quaver an eighth, the Semiquaver a sixteenth, and the Demisemiquaver a thirty-second.

Note.—The teacher will mark the different notes on the Black Board, and question the class.

LESSON V.

5. As notes are symbols of sound, so are rests marks of silence, bearing the names of the notes, and requiring the performers to remain silent as long as they would be singing a note of the same name. A point augments the length of a rest, as in the case of notes.

Example.



QUESTIONS.

18. What are rests?
    Marks of silence.
19. How many such marks are there?
    Six: a Semibreve rest, Minim rest, Crotchet rest, Quaver rest, Semiquaver rest, and Demisemiquaver rest.
20. What would you call them to speak in the language of numerals?
    A unit, half, quarter. eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second.

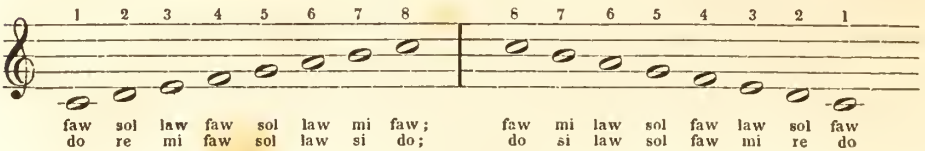
Note.—The teacher will exhibit the rests upon the Black Board, question, and explain.

LESSON VI.

6. The Octave, or eight notes, written upon the staff, forms the diatonic scale, which consists of five tones and two semitones; the distance from one sound in the scale to an-

other, is called an *interval*, but in the regular ascending and decending scale, they are called tones and half tones; from one to two, and from two to three, are whole tones; from three to four is a half tone; from four to five, from five to six, and from six to seven, are whole tones, and from seven to eight is a half tone.

Example.

DIATONIC SCALE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
faw sol law faw sol law mi faw; faw mi law sol faw law sol faw
do re mi faw sol law si do; do si law sol faw mi re do

QUESTIONS.

21. When the Octave is written upon the staff, what does it form?
    The diatonic scale.
22. What is the diatonic scale?
    A series of intervals, consisting of five tones and two semitones.
23. Where do the semitones occur in the Octave?
    Between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth.
24. In the application of syllables to the sounds, where do the semitones occur?
    Between law and faw, and mi and faw, (or mi and faw, and si and do.)

Note.—The teacher should let the class practise the Octave in one of the above series of syllables, more or less rapidly, and with different forms of accent, counting and beating the time, according to the movement, until, by the power of association, the syllables will bring the sounds to the mind.

See Lessons for Exercise, pages xiv. and xv.

LESSON VII.

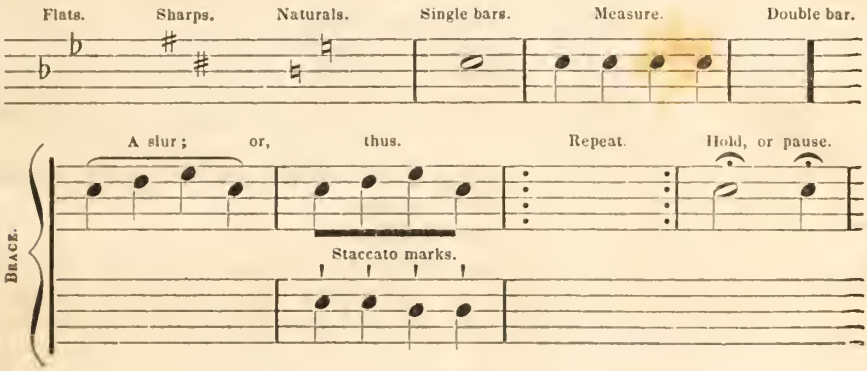
VARIOUS MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

7. A flat is a ♭, which, when placed at the left hand of a note, lowers the sound a half tone; A sharp is a kind of star (♯), which raises the sound of a note half a tone. A natural (♮) restores a note previously made flat or sharp to its original sound. When flats or sharps are placed at the beginning of a tune, they are called the signature; when placed before a note, accidentals, and extend their influence through the measure in which they occur. A single bar is a straight line drawn across the staff to divide the notes of a tune into equal

measures. A measure is all the notes contained between two single bars. A double bar shows the end of a strain, or a line of the poetry.

A brace shows how many parts are to be performed together. A slur or tie shows the number of notes to be sung to one syllable.

When the staff is dotted across, it shows that the part is to be repeated. A pause, or hold, is a small semicircle with a dot under it, and when placed over, or under a note, that note must be prolonged beyond its usual time. When notes are to be sung in a very short, pointed manner, they are marked with small points called *staccato* marks.

Examples.

Questions.

25. What is the use of a flat?
    It lowers the sound of a note half a tone.
26. A sharp?
    It raises the sound of a note half a tone.
27. A natural?
    It restores a note made flat or sharp to its original sound.
28. When flats or sharps are placed at the beginning of a tune, what are they called?
    The signature.
29. When placed before a note, what are they called?
    Accidentals.

30. How far do accidentals extend their influence?
    Through the measure in which they occur.
31. What is the use of a single bar?
    To divide the notes of a tune into equal measures.
32. What is a measure?
    All the notes contained between two single bars.
33. What is the use of a double bar?
    It shows the end of a strain, or line of poetry.
34. What is the use of a brace?
    It shows how many parts are to be performed together.
35. What is the use of a slur, or tie?
    It shows the notes which are to be sung to one syllable.
36. What is the use of the dots across the staff, called a repeat?
    It shows what part of the tune is to be performed twice.
37. What is the use of a hold or pause?
    It shows that the note, over or under which it is placed, is to be prolonged beyond its usual time.
38. What is the use of staccato marks?
    They show that the notes over which they are placed must be sung in a very short, and pointed manner.

LESSON VIII.

8. The letters never change their places upon the staff, but the syllables do. The Octave does not always begin on the lower ledger line C, as in lesson 6, but may begin on any line, or space, on the staff. The syllable mi is the leading note, and governs all the others.

When we ascertain the locality of this syllable, the others have a corresponding arrangement, as in lesson 6, where the mi is found upon the line B, its natural place; but if a flat be found upon B, the syllable mi is removed to E, which is the first line, and fourth space; the next highest note is faw, the next sol, the next law, &c.

Note.—The following table of flats and sharps must be committed to memory. The teacher can question the class from the Black Board.

If B be flat, mi is removed to - - - E	If F be sharp, mi is removed to - - F
If B and E be flat " " - - - A	If F and C be sharp " " - - C
If B, E and A be flat " - - - D	If F, C, and G be sharp " " - - G
If B, E, A and D be flat " - - - G	If F, C, G and D be sharp " - - D

This removal of the syllables to the different lines and spaces, is called transposition.

QUESTIONS.

39. Do the letters ever change their places upon the staff?
They do not.
40. Do the syllables?
They do: the Octave may begin on any line or space in the staff.
41. Which of the syllables govern the others and fix their places upon the staff?
The syllable mi.
42. Where is the natural place for mi?
On the third line, B.
43. But if B be flat, to what letter is the mi removed?
To E, on the first line, or fourth space.
44. What is the next syllable above?
Faw.—The next? Sol.—The next? Law, &c.
45. If a sharp be placed upon F, to where is the syllable mi removed?
To F.
46. Can you recite the table of Flats and Sharps?
If B be flat, mi is removed to E, &c.
47. What is this removal of the syllables called?
Transposition.

LESSON IX.

9. You have learned, that single bars are used to divide the notes of a tune into equal measures; these measures are again divided into several parts, as expressed by appropriate figures at the clef, and marked by a motion of the hand, called beating time. There are three kinds of time, called Common, Triple, and Compound.

Note.—The characters $\overline{\mathbf{C}}$ or $\overline{\mathbf{C}}$ are sometimes used to denote common time, but it is recommended to discard their use altogether, and substitute numerals.

Common time has three varieties of measure, the first is expressed by the figures $\frac{2}{2}$ the second variety by the figures $\frac{4}{4}$ and the third variety, by the figures $\frac{2}{4}$. The upper figures indicate the parts of a measure; the under figures, the fractional part of a semibreve or whole note: thus, in the first variety, two half notes, or their equal in other notes, or rests, fill a measure. In the second variety, four quarter notes, or their value, fill a measure, and in the third variety, two quarter notes, or their value, fill a measure.

In the first, and third variety, two motions of the hand are required in beating time, *down*, and *up*. In the second variety four motions of the hand are required *down*, *left*, *right*, *up*.

Note.—The terms Adagio, Allegro, &c. [see explanation of musical terms, page xvi.] sometimes so influence the movement, that, when music is written in one variety of time, it is actually performed in another. Thus, music written in the second variety of common time, is often performed in the first.

Accent is a stress of voice, which falls on the first part of the measure, in the first and third variety of common time, and on the first and third parts of the measure in the second variety.

Questions.

48. How many kinds of time are there?
    Three; Common, Triple, and Compound.
49. How many varieties has common time?
    Three.
50. How is the first variety expressed?
    By the figures $\frac{2}{2}$.
51. The second?
    By the figures $\frac{4}{4}$.
52. The third?
    By the figures $\frac{2}{4}$.
53. What do the figures indicate?
    The upper figure shows the parts of a measure, the under figure the fractional parts of a whole note.
54. In the first variety, what note or notes fill a measure?
    Two half notes, or their value, as indicated by the figures.
55. What will fill a measure in the second variety.
    Four quarter notes, or their value.
56. What in the third variety?
    Two quarter notes, or their value.

57. How many motions of the hand are required in beating the first variety of common time?
Two; one *down*, and one *up*.
58. The second variety?
Four; *down*, *left*, *right*, *up*.
59. The third variety?
Two; same as the first variety.
60. On what part of the measure does the accent fall, in the first and third variety of common time?
On the first.
61. Where in the second variety?
On the first, and third.

LESSON X.

TRIPLE TIME.

10. Triple time has three varieties; the first is expressed by the figures $\frac{3}{2}$, and contains the value of three half notes in a measure.

The second is expressed by the figures $\frac{3}{4}$; consequently contains the value of three quarter notes in a measure.

The third variety is expressed by the figures $\frac{3}{8}$ showing that three eighth notes, or their value, fill a measure.

Three motions of the hand are required in beating triple time; *down*, *left*, *up*; the accent falls on the first part of the measure.

COMPOUND TIME.

Compound Time has two varieties: the first is expressed by the figures $\frac{6}{4}$, and contains the value of six quarter notes in a measure.

The second variety is expressed by the figures $\frac{6}{8}$, containing the value of six eighth notes in a measure. Two motions of the hand are required, in beating compound time. The accent falls on the first part of the measure, when filled by two notes, but when there are six notes in a measure, it falls on the first and fourth.

Questions.

62. How many varieties has Triple Time?
Three.

63 How is the first variety expressed?
By the figures $\frac{3}{2}$.

64. The second?
By the figures $\frac{3}{4}$.

65. The third?
By the figures $\frac{3}{8}$.

66. In the first variety, what will fill a measure?
Three half notes, or their value.

67. In the second variety?
Three quarter notes, or their value.

68. In the third variety?
Three eighth notes, or their value.

69. How many motions of the hand are required in beating triple time?
Three; *down*, *left*, *up*.

70. On what part of the measure does the accent fall?
On the first.

Compound Time.

71. How many varieties has compound time?
Two.

72. How is the first variety expressed?
By the figures $\frac{6}{4}$.

73. The second?
By the figures $\frac{6}{8}$.

74. What note or notes fill a measure in the first variety?
Six quarter notes, or their value.

75. What in the second variety?
Six eight notes or their value.
76. How many motions of the hand are required in beating compound time?
Two; one *down*, and one *up*.
77. On what part of the measure does the accent fall?
On the first, when there are but two notes in the measure.
78. When there are six notes in a measure, where does the accent fall?
On the first and fourth.

LESSON XI.

MAJOR AND MINOR SCALE.

11. There are two scales in music, called *Major* and *Minor*. The former is bold and cheerful: the latter pathetic and mournful. The Octave, as described in Lesson 6, is in the major scale, and commences upon C, [faw,] which is the key note. The key note is that with which the scale begins, and ends. The Octave in the minor scale commences upon A, [law,] which is two degrees below the major scale. It holds the same relation in all the transpositions; hence, when the signature is the same in the major and minor scale, they are said to be relative. The order of the semitones in the minor scale, differ from those in the major. In ascending, the semitones in the minor scale occur between the second and third, [mi and faw,] and the seventh and eighth, [sol and law,] but in descending, they occur between the fifth and sixth, [law and faw,] and the second and third, [mi and faw.] Sharps or naturals are used on the sixth and seventh degrees of the scale as accidentals, in ascending; and naturals or flats are used as accidentals, in descending.

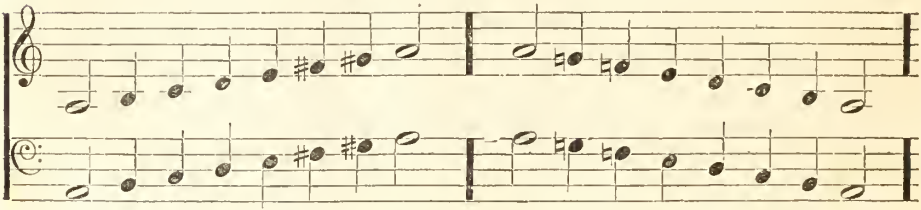
Note.—The teacher will practise the minor scale by the syllables, until the pupils become familiar,

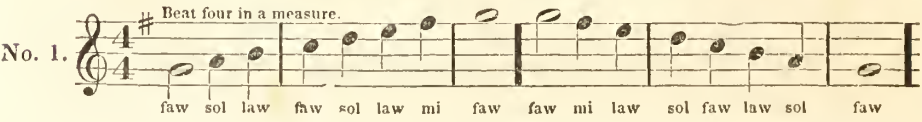
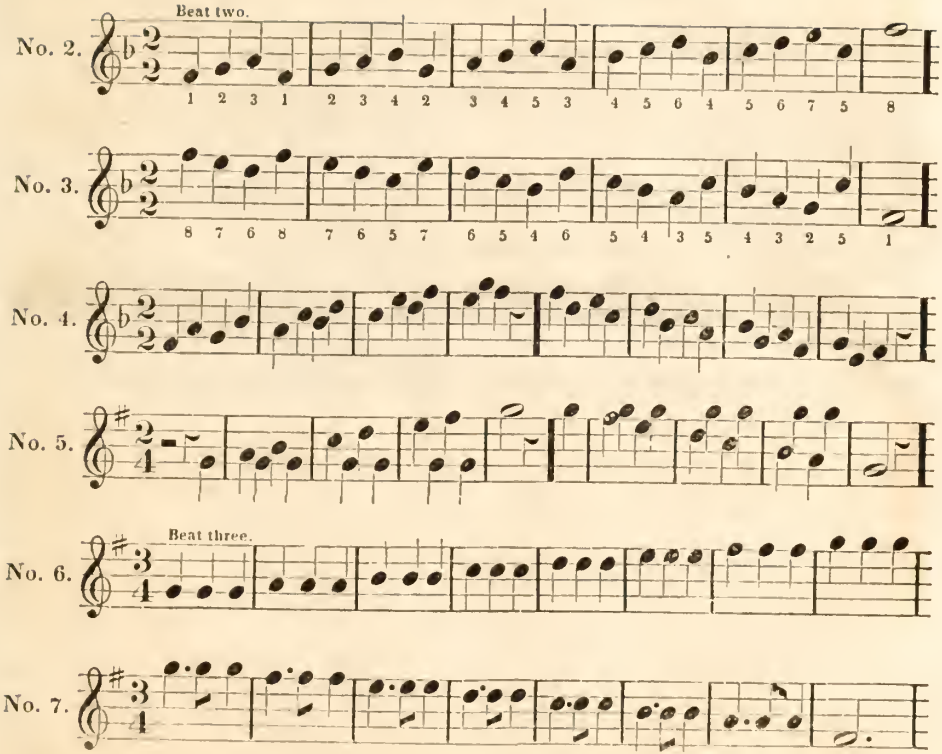
Questions.

79. How many scales are there in music?
Two.
80. What are they called?
Major and Minor.
81. What is the peculiar effect of each scale?
The major scale is bold and cheerful; the minor scale is pathetic and mournful.
82. What is meant by the key note?
The note with which the scale begins and ends.

83. What syllable is applied to the key note in the major scale?—faw.
84. What in the minor scale?—law.
85. What is the relative minor to any major key?
    Its third below.
86. What is the relative major to any minor key?
    Its third above.
87. What is the order of the semitones in the minor scale ascending?
    The semitones occur between the second and third, [mi and faw,] and the seventh and eighth [sol and law.]
88. Where do they occur in descending the scale?
    Between the fifth and sixth, [law and faw,] and the second and third, [mi and faw.]
89. What is the difference in ascending, and descending the minor scale?
    In ascending, the upper semitone occurs between the seventh and eighth sounds; but in descending, it occurs between the fifth and sixth.
90. What characters are used to denote this change?
    Sharps or naturals are used on the sixth and seventh degrees of the scale as accidentals, in ascending; and naturals or flats are used as accidentals, in descending.

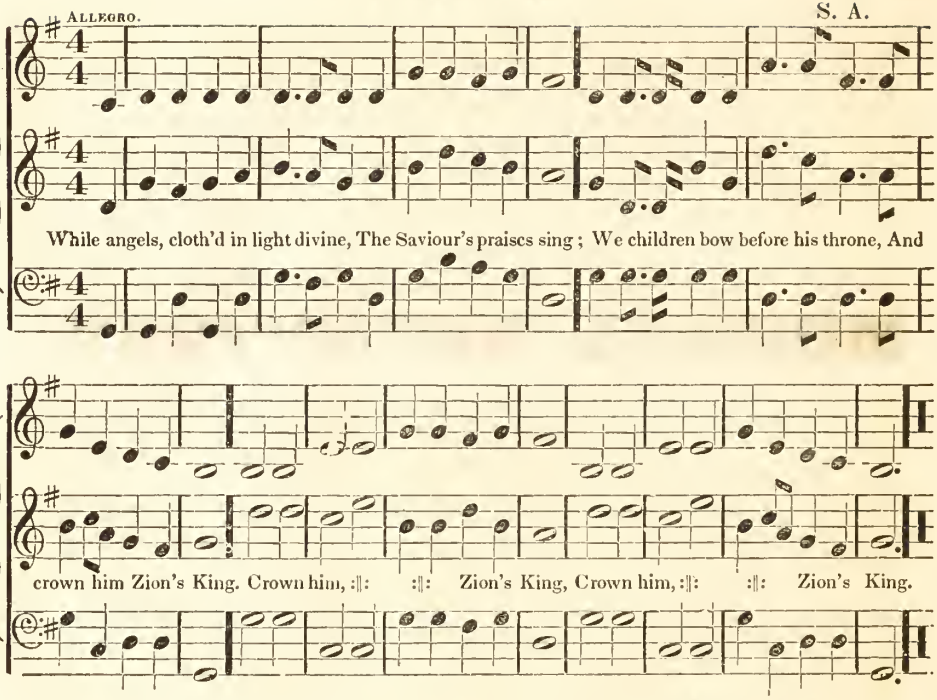
MINOR SCALE.



LESSONS FOR EXERCISE.—Key of G.

Key of F.

Note.—These and similar exercises, varied at the discretion of the teacher, should be written upon the Black Board, and practised by the class repeatedly.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Adagio, signifies the slowest movement.
Ad libitum, at the pleasure of the performer.
Affettuoso, in a style of execution adapted to express affection, tenderness, and deep emotion.
Allegro, a brisk and sprightly movement.
Allegretto, less quick than Allegro.
Alto, counter, or high tenor.
Andante, with distinctness. As a mark of time, it implies a medium between the Adagio and the Allegro movements.
Chorus, a composition, or passage designed for a full choir.
Crescendo, *Cres.*, or <, with an increasing sound.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*, close with the first strain.
Diminuendo, *Dim.*, or >, with a decreasing sound.
Duetto or *Duet*, music consisting of two parts.
Expressivo, with expression.
Forte, or *For.*, strong and full.
Fortissimo, very loud.
Largo, a slow movement.
Larghetto, not so slow as Largo.
Moderato, between Andante and Allegro.
Piano, or *Pia.*, soft.
Pianissimo, or *P. P.*, very soft.
Pomposo, grand, dignified.
Presto, quick.
Spirituoso, with spirit.
Solo, single voice.
Symphony, a passage to be executed by the instruments, while the vocal performers are silent.
Trio, a composition for three voices.
Tutti, all together.
Vivace, in a brisk and lively manner.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

ALLEGRO.
S. A.
While angels, cloth'd in light divine, The Saviour's praises sing; We children bow before his throne, And
crown him Zion's King. Crown him, :‖: :‖: Zion's King, Crown him, :‖: :‖: Zion's King.

2 With joyful hearts and cheerful smiles,
We now our offerings bring,—
We will receive his gracious word,
And crown him Zion's King.

3 He gives us food and raiment too,
And every needful thing;
And shall we not adore his love,
And crown him Zion's King?

4 Then, when the toil of life is o'er,—
Upborne on eagle's wings,
We'll praise his everlasting power,
And crown him King of Kings.

Crowning the Saviour. C. M.

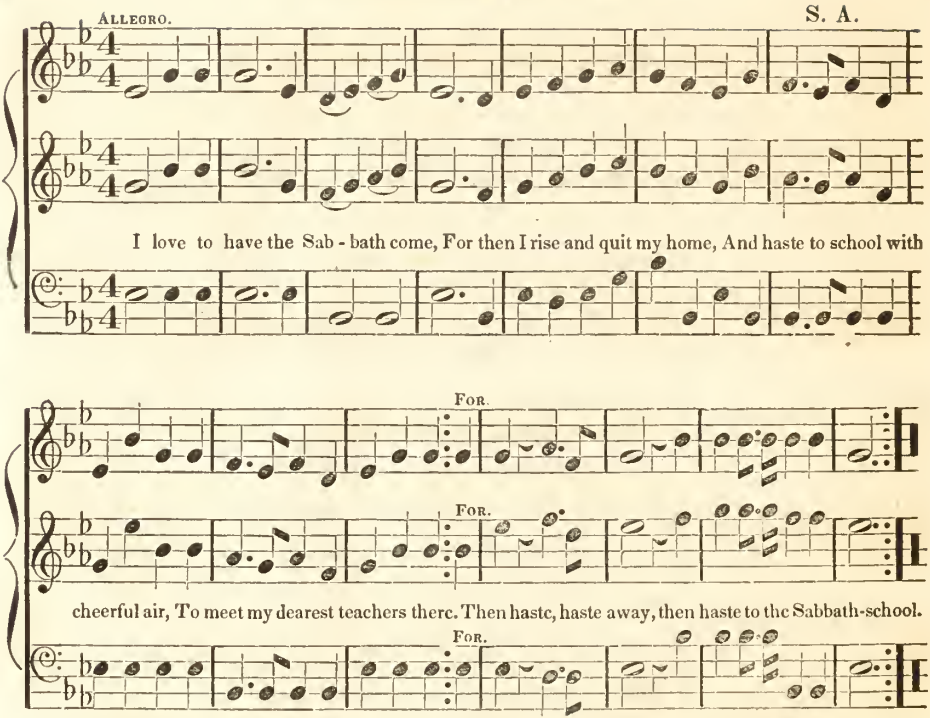
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Teachers, who surely know his love
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 May we with heaven's rejoicing throng
Before his presence fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.


ALLEGRO.
S. A.
I love to have the Sab - bath come, For then I rise and quit my home, And haste to school with
FOR.
FOR.
cheerful air, To meet my dearest teachers there. Then haste, haste away, then haste to the Sabbath-school.
FOR.

2 From all the lessons I obtain,
May I a store of knowledge gain;
And early seek my Saviour's face;
And gain from him supplies of grace.

Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

3 And then, through life's remaining days,
I'll love to sing my Saviour's praise;
And bless the kindness of his grace,
That brought me to this sacred place.

Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

The Heavenly Sabbath. L. M.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Draws us away from earth to heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O may our prayers and praises rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 In holy duties may the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

The Sunday Morning's School. L. M.

1 See how the joyful morning comes,
More fragrant than the best perfumes;
A sweet ethereal calm obtains,
O'er fields, and floods, and hills, and plains.

Chorus.—Then haste, &c.

2 Welcome the Sunday-school's retreat,
Where teachers their lov'd circles meet;
How cheerful do the hours pass by,
Training those youths for worlds on high.

Then haste, &c.

3 Hail the blest hour! most blissful given,
The brightest, happiest choice of heaven;
Where angels might employment find,
Moulding for God the youthful mind.

Then haste, &c.

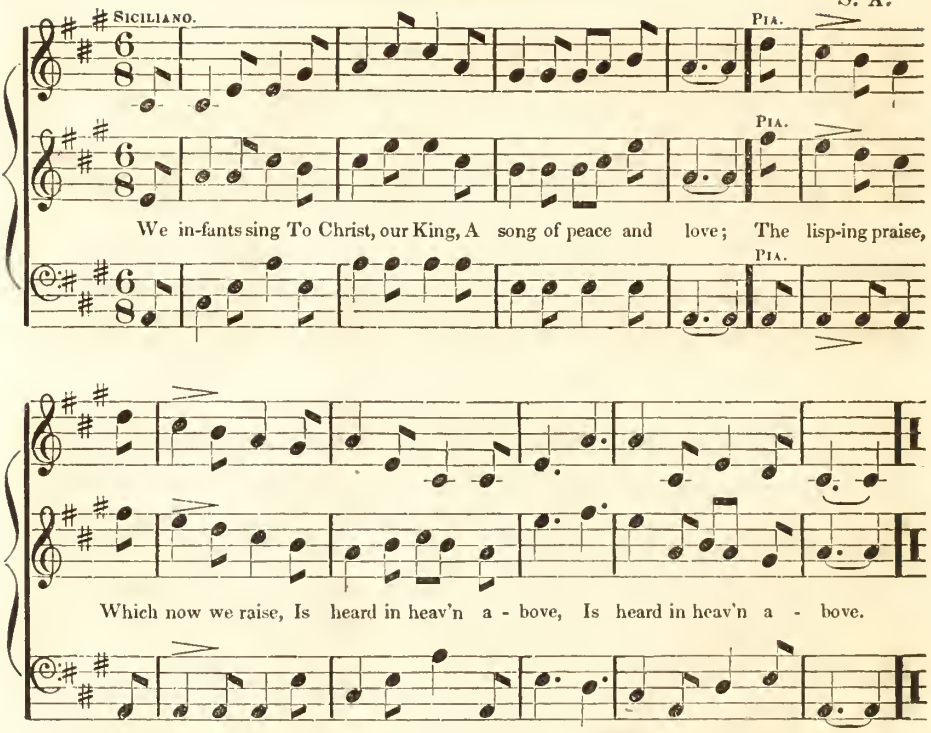
4 Most gladly do my footsteps stray,
Where sounds the soft and infant lay;
To see the human face divine,
With heaven's best inspiration shine.

Then haste, &c.

5 Can there be found, midst cherub choirs,
More sweet and soul-enrapturing lyres?
As pure and innocent a state?
'Tis glory all, "'tis heaven's gate."

Then haste, &c.

INFANT'S SONG.

S. A.

Siciliano.
Pia.
Pia.
Pia.
We in-fants sing To Christ, our King, A song of peace and love; The lisp-ing praise,
Which now we raise, Is heard in heav'n a - bove, Is heard in heav'n a - bove.

2 'Twas babes like us
Whom thou didst bless,
Dear Lord, and honour'd much;
"Forbid them not,"
Was their kind lot,
"My kingdom is of such."

3 Kind Saviour, still
On Zion's hill
O bless our infant band!
And be thou near
When storms appear,
To shield us with thy hand.

4 The ocean cross'd,
No wand'rer lost,
May we the haven gain,
To join the throng,
And swell the song
Of cherubs' rapt'rous strain.

R. W. D.

Sunday-school Hymn of Praise. C. M.

1 Happy are they that fear the Lord,
And wisdom's ways pursue;
Who, in obedience to his word,
Their daily vows renew.

2 Children and tender babes may bring
Their off'rings to his name;
And in their sweetest triumph sing,
The praises of the Lamb.

3 Jesus, attune each youthful lyre,
And we will sing for thee;
And graciously each soul inspire,
With all thy purity.

4 Unite our souls in sweet accord,
All jarring strings remove;
And may the worship of the Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love.

Morning School Hymn. C. M.

1 Come, children, let us all improve
The morning's glorious light;
Come let us lift our hearts above,
That God may guide them right.

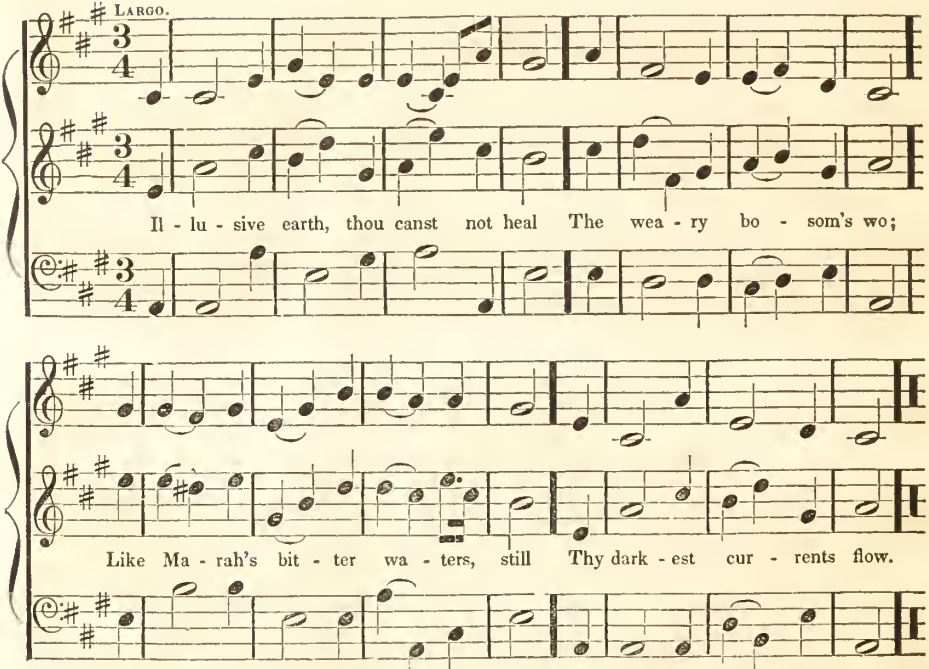
2 Let sin be banish'd from this place,
Ne'er to return again;
And may the Saviour's beauteous grace,
On every soul remain.

3 Let a few passing hours be spent
In worship most sincere;
And our best songs to heaven be sent,
To find acceptance there.

4 Let us invite the Saviour here,
Our Sunday-schools to bless;
And lo! we do believe him near,
With all his righteousness.

NEWTON. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. Kennaday.
Music by S. A.



2 The soul can never hope for joy,
Unmingled and serene,
But earth exhales some dread alloy,
And blights the lovely scene.

3 O, it is sad, 'mid smiles of earth,
To think, the hour will come,
When we must tread the vale of death,
Where flowerets never bloom

4 It is alone in higher rest,
In Eden's lovelier plain,
The soul can tell of joy possess'd,
Where holiness shall reign.

Death of a Scholar. C. M.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A *brother* from our side,
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.

2 Not long ago, *he* filled his place,
And sat with us to learn:
But *he* has run *his* mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,
That this may be our last!

4 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

Death of a Child. C. M.

1 'Tis Jesus speaks! I fold, says he,
These lambs within my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever bless'd.

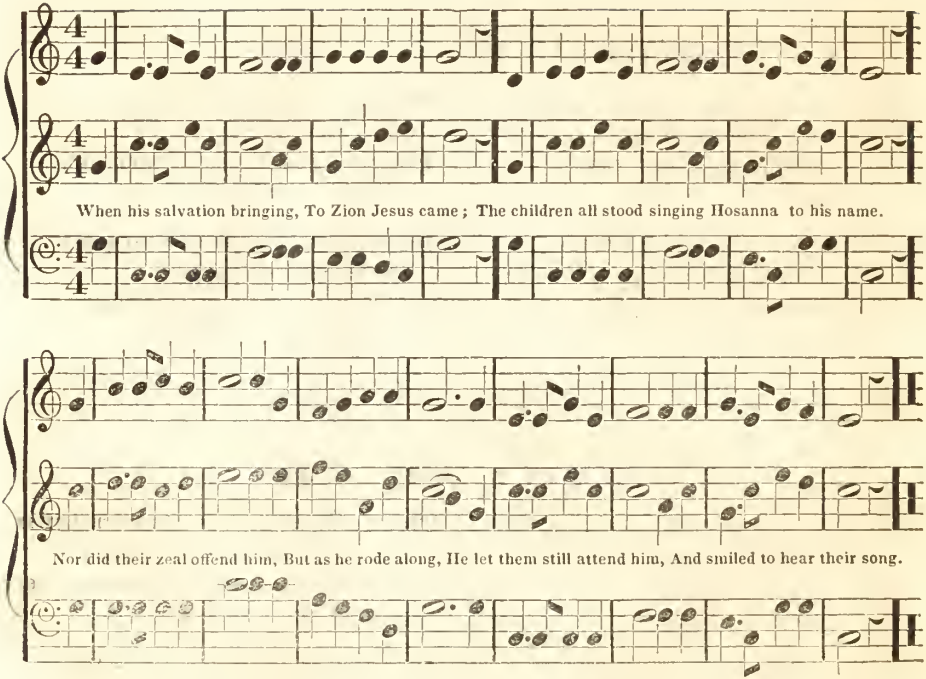
2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

3 Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine,
"O Saviour! all we have and are
Shall be forever thine."

HOSANNA.

ARRANGED FROM WEBB.


When his salvation bringing, To Zion Jesus came; The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him, But as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill:
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well Hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

The Christian Soldier. P. M.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful
And on your way pursue.

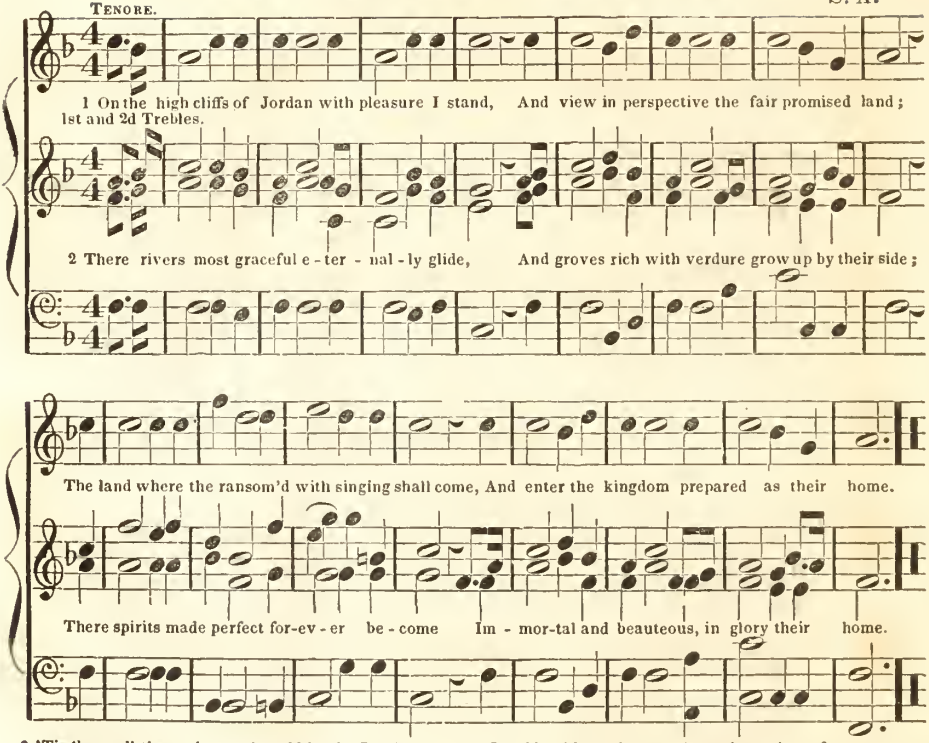
4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

The Christian's Confidence. P. M.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow,
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

TENORE.
1 On the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand, And view in perspective the fair promised land;
1st and 2d Trebles.
2 There rivers most graceful e - ter - nal - ly glide, And groves rich with verdure grow up by their side;
The land where the ransom'd with singing shall come, And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.
There spirits made perfect for-ev - er be - come Im - mor-tal and beauteous, in glory their home.

3 'Tis there all the nations redeem'd by the Lamb,
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim;
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils they come,
To enter those mansions prepared as their home.

4 All over those peaceful, delectable plains,
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

5 How bless'd are those regions, the realms of repose,
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the "tree of life" grows;
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom,
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home.

6 Those pleasures of glory, O when shall I share,
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;
And range o'er those landscapes, exempt from a sigh,
The home of our fathers, God's palace on high!

The Love of Jesus. P. M.

1 O Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign;
Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my love,
Thou art my Redeemer, Thou reignest above.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
My Jesus relieved me, and bid me not fear.

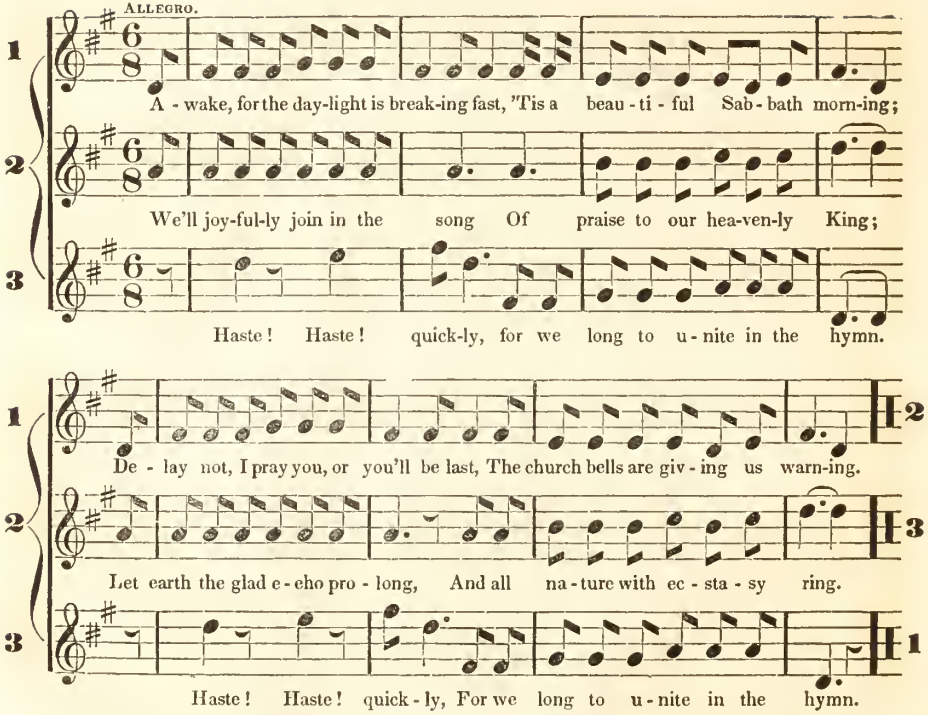
3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals here ever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I am raised into raptures while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, he is present in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, may we never part;
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

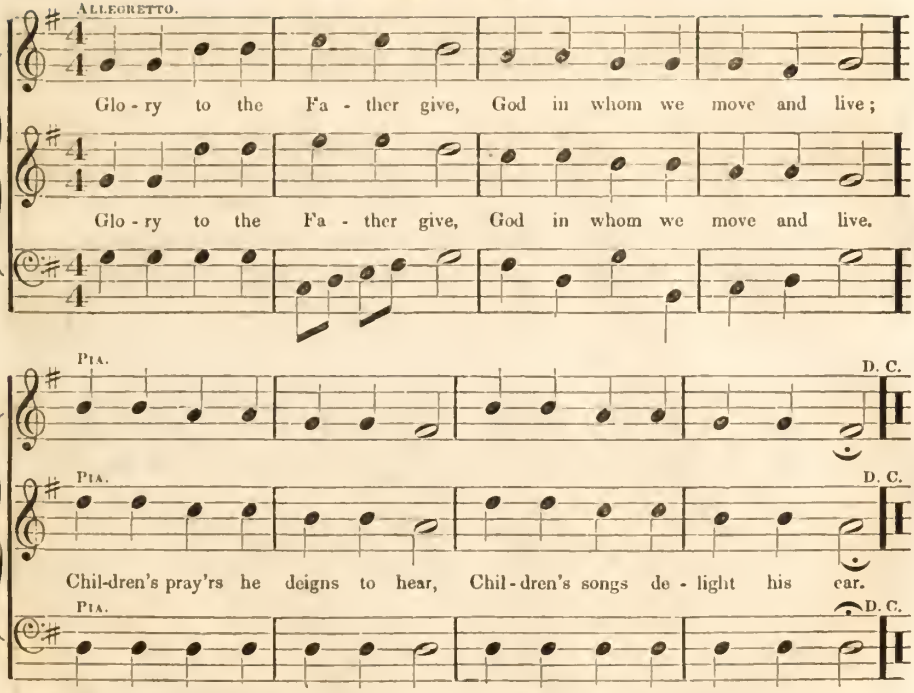
5 If ever I loved thee, 'tis now, my dear Lord;
I love thy dear children, thy ways, and thy word,
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.

6 When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me; had I wings I would fly,
And praise him in mansions prepared in the sky

SABBATH SCHOLAR'S CALL.

A ROUND.

ALLEGRO.
1
2
3
A - wake, for the day-light is break-ing fast, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful Sab - bath morn-ing;
We'll joy-ful-ly join in the song Of praise to our hea-ven-ly King;
Haste! Haste! quick-ly, for we long to u - nite in the hymn.
De - lay not, I pray you, or you'll be last, The church bells are giv - ing us warn-ing.
Let earth the glad e - cho pro - long, And all na - ture with ec - sta - sy ring.
Haste! Haste! quick - ly, For we long to u - nite in the hymn.

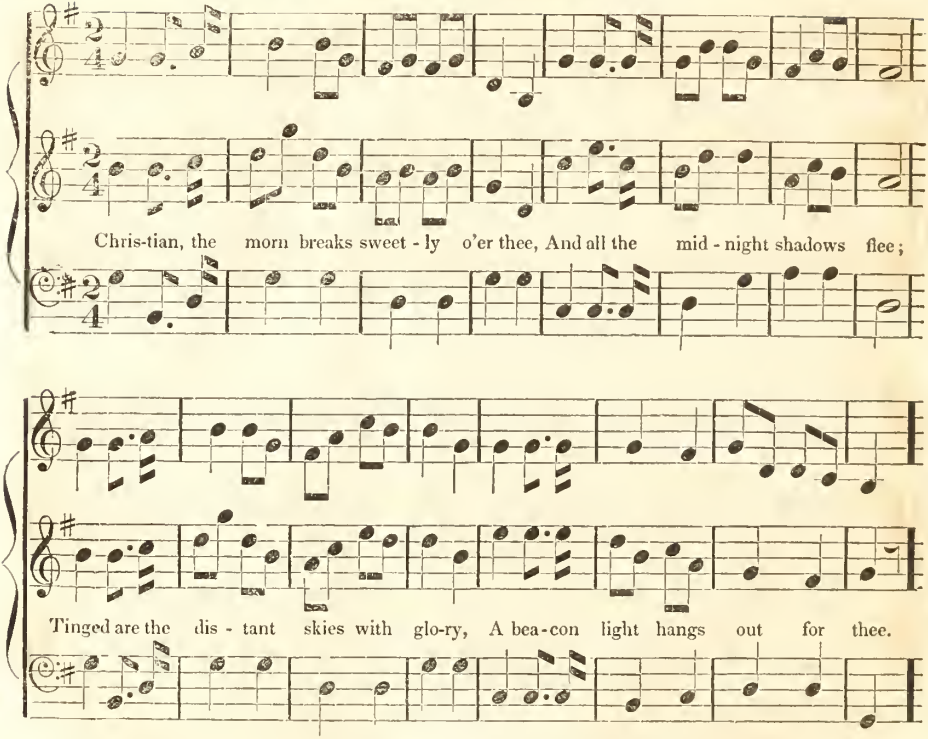
N. B.—In singing this *round*, the school should be divided into *three* classes. The first class will sing the whole of the first part, to the word "warning." The second class will then commence the first part, and the first class the second part. When the second class reaches the second part, the third class will begin on the first part, and the first class on the third part. The first class will again commence with the first part. Thus the three classes will be singing together, each a separate part, until the whole has been sung three times by each class.


ALLEGRETTO.
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live.
PIA.
D. C.
PIA.
D. C.
Chil-dren's pray'rs he deigns to hear, Chil - dren's songs de - light his ear.
PIA.
D. C.

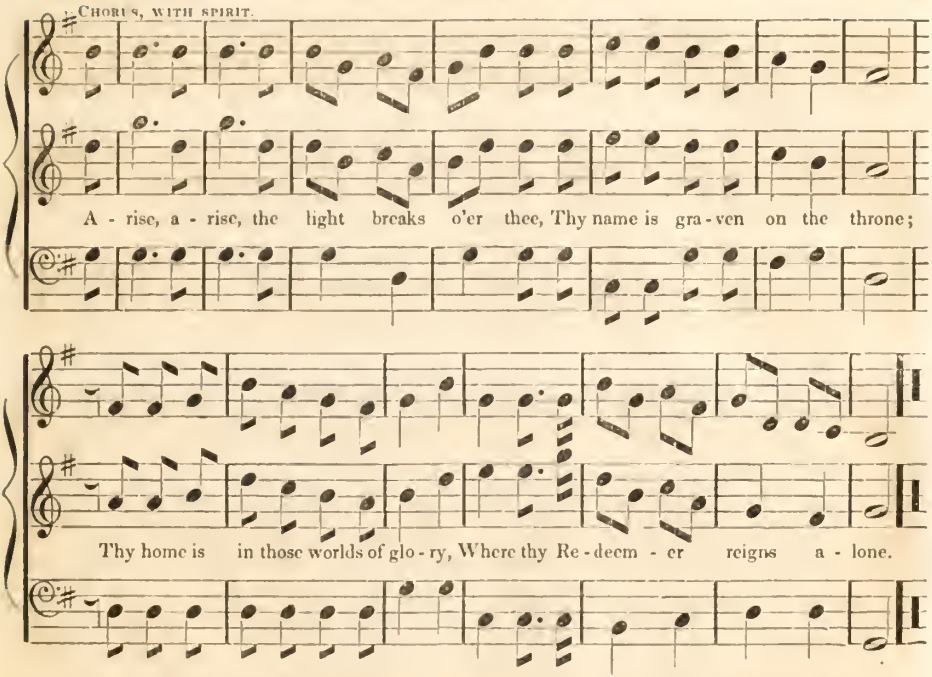
2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our prophet, priest, and king;
Children, raise your sweetest strain,
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."


Chris-tian, the morn breaks sweet - ly o'er thee, And all the mid - night shadows flee;
Tinged are the dis - tant skies with glo-ry, A bea-con light hangs out for thee.

2 Thy God is ever kind and gracious,
He will direct thy course above,
For thou art in his sight most precious,
The object of his special love.
Arise, &c.

3 Though in the proud dark waves of ocean,
O'erwhelm'd thou need not, shalt not be;
Midst the fierce tempest's dread commotion
Thy God will still remember thee.
Arise, &c.

CHORUS, WITH SPIRIT.
A - rise, a - rise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is gra - ven on the throne;
Thy home is in those worlds of glo - ry, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.

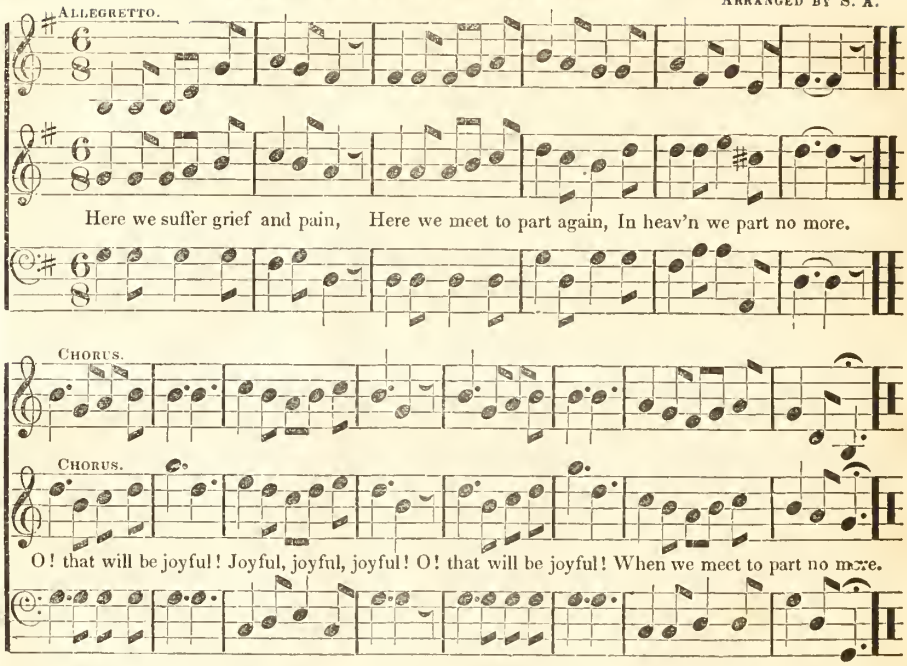
4 Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed, and dauntless stand;
For, lo! beyond those seas emerges
The height that bounds the promised land.
Arise, &c.

5 Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See, in what throngs they range the shore!
Arise, &c.

6 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
Bright as the summer's noontide ray;
The starry crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away. Arise, &c.

THE HAPPY MEETING.

ARRANGED BY S. A.


ALLEGRETTO.
Here we suffer grief and pain, Here we meet to part again, In heav'n we part no more.
CHORUS.
CHORUS.
O! that will be joyful! Joyful, joyful, joyful! O! that will be joyful! When we meet to part no more.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above. O! that, &c.

3 *Little children* will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From *every* Sunday-school. O! that, &c.

4 *Teachers*, too, shall meet above,
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more. O! that, &c.

5 O! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne? O! that, &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ, the Lord. O! that, &c.

Mourners' Consolation. P. M

1 Mourning soul, thy God is nigh;
Fix on him thy tearful eye;
In heaven there's peace for thee.
O! that will be joyful, &c.

2 He will guide the weary through,
He will calm the sigh of wo;
In heaven the weary rest. O! that, &c.

3 Does thy heart despond and faint?
Tell to Jesus thy complaint;
In heaven he hears thy prayer. O! that, &c.

4 Though thy path is one of wo,
Through the vale where sorrows flow,
In heaven no grief shall come. O! that, &c.

5 Brighter scenes the soul await;—
Onward press to heaven's gate;
In heaven the day ne'er ends. O! that, &c.

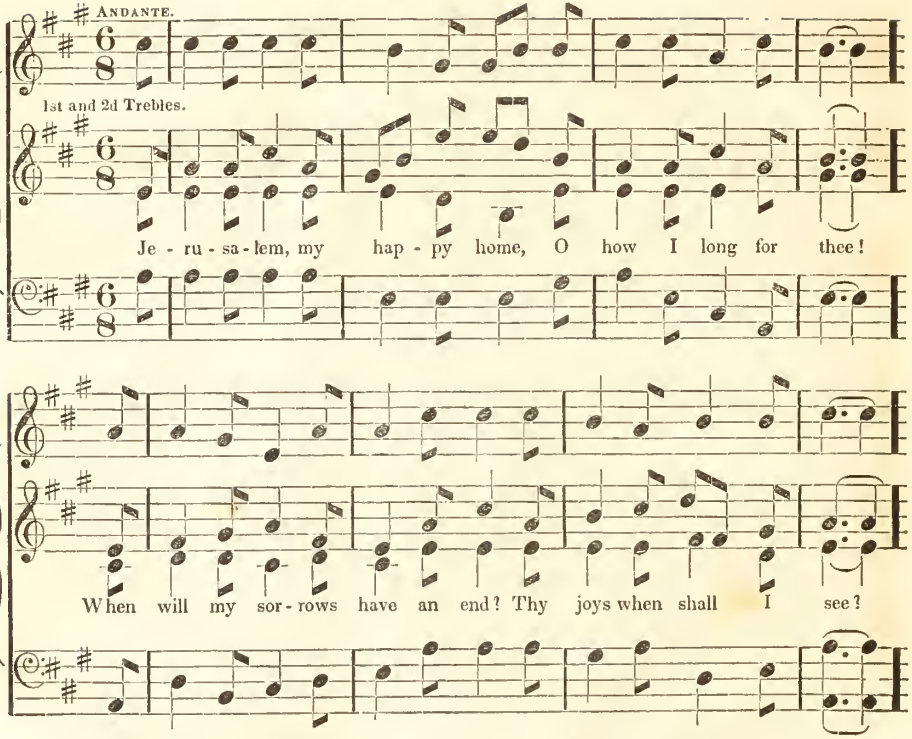
6 Then shall those whom thou hast known
Bow with thee before the throne;
In heaven all love endures. O! that, &c.

7 All thy sorrow then shall flee,
God thy glory ever be
In heaven's eternal joy. O! that, &c.

Composed for this work, by Rev. J. Kennada.

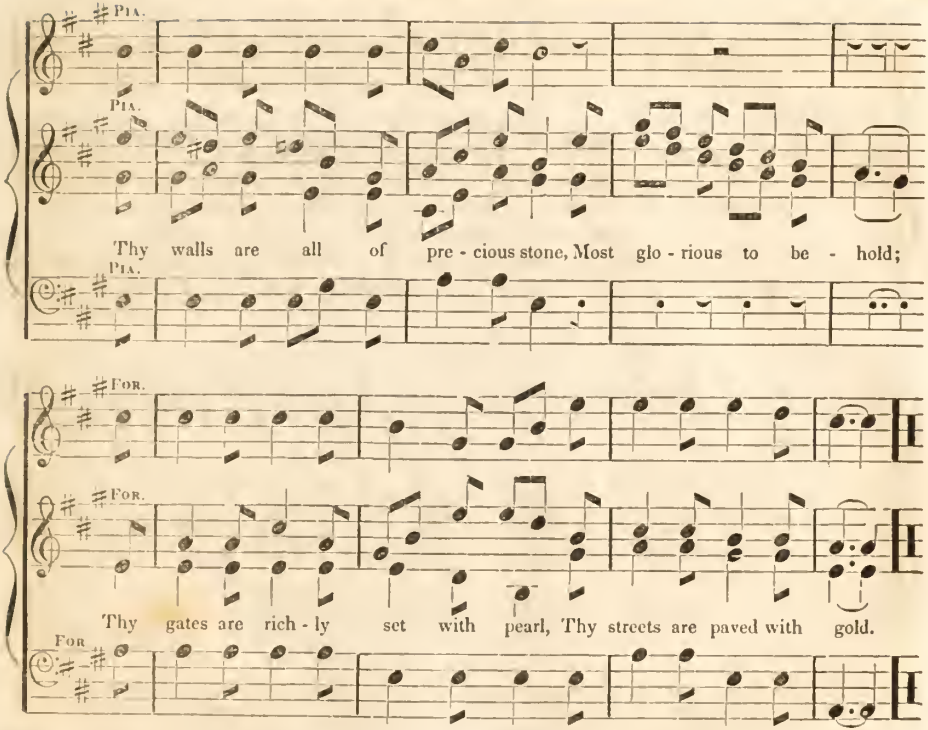
JERUSALEM. C. M.

S. A.


Andante.
1st and 2d Trebles.
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence?

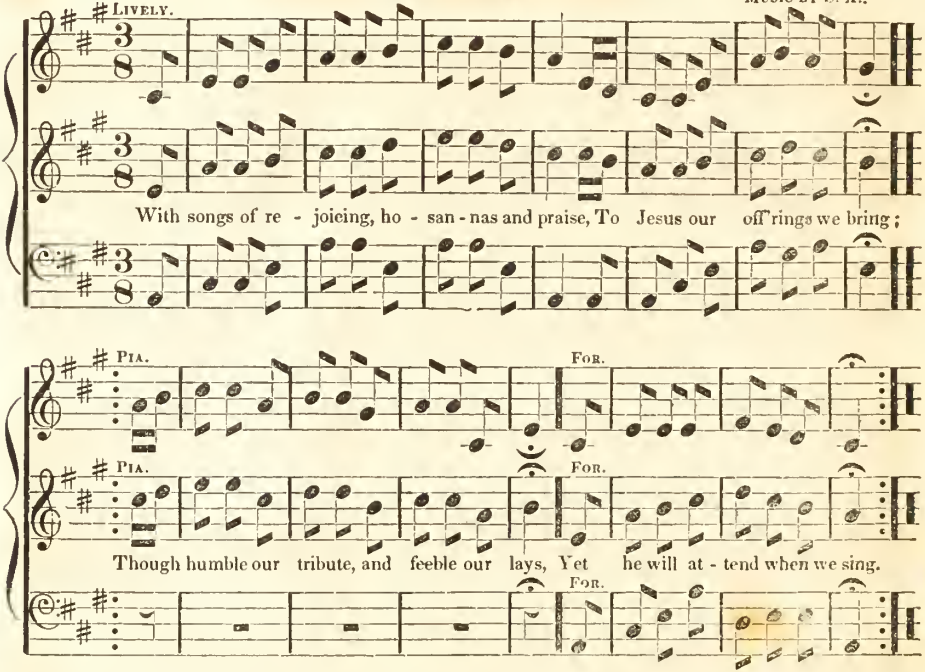
5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

PIA.
PIA.
Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;
PIA.
FOR.
FOR.
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
FOR.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

WESLEY CHAPEL.

Poetry by R. W. D.
Music by S. A.

Lively.
With songs of re - joicing, ho - san - nas and praise, To Jesus our off'rings we bring;
Pia.
For.
Though humble our tribute, and feeble our lays, Yet he will at - tend when we sing.

2 He is the Good Shepherd whose bounty and grace
The sheep of his pasture may share;
The wants of the least in his bosom have place,
But the lambs are his tenderest care.

3 He loves to watch o'er them, to bear them along,
And safe in his arms they shall rest;
For while he protects them, what danger can wrong,
Or pluck from his sheltering breast!

4 O! Saviour in heaven, we pray thee attend,
And grant in compassion our prayer!
Be thou our Good Shepherd, our Father, and Friend,
And we, the dear lambs of thy care!

The Glory of Christ.

1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction we call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee;
Or cry in the desert for bread;
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen,
The Star that on Israel shone:
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my Beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

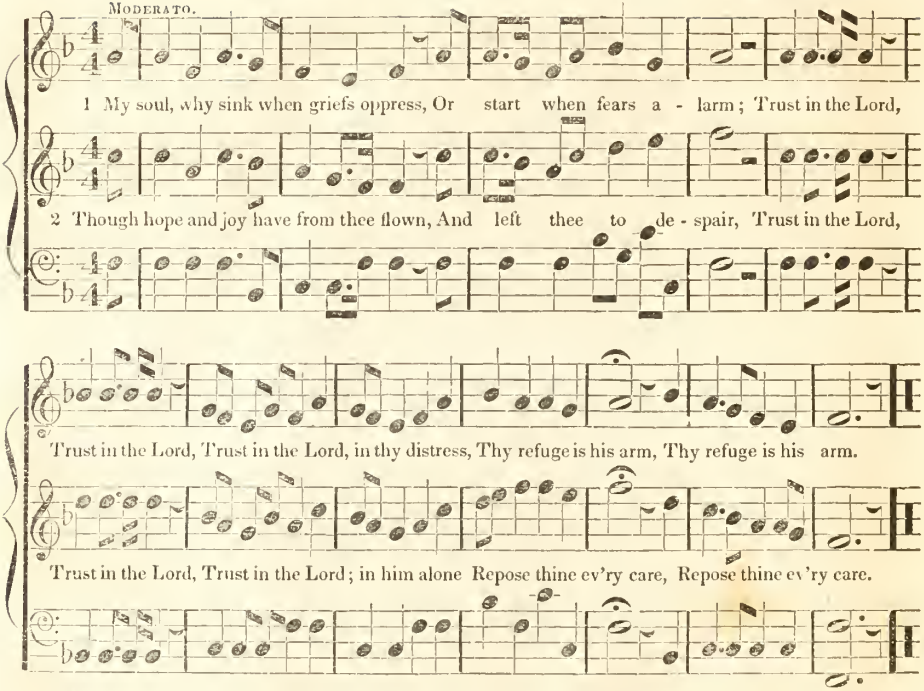
6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

8 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Poetry by R. W. D.
Music by S. A.


Moderato.
1 My soul, why sink when griefs oppress, Or start when fears a - larm; Trust in the Lord,
2 Though hope and joy have from thee flown, And left thee to de - spair, Trust in the Lord,
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, in thy distress, Thy refuge is his arm, Thy refuge is his arm.
Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord; in him alone Repose thine ev'ry care, Repose thine ev'ry care.

3 What though the floods may near thee roll,
Thy sky grow darker still,—
Trust in the Lord; he keeps my soul,
And storms obey his will.

4 How oft when press'd by mighty foes,
Did no escape appear:
Trust in the Lord thou didst repose,
And came off conqueror.

5 And will he now his help deny,
And leave thee to thy lot?
Trust in the Lord; he still is nigh,
His nature changes not.

6 Yes, O my soul! I yet will say,
Midst anguish and distress;
Trust in the Lord! e'en though he slay,
My cause with him shall rest.

Hinder me not. C. M.

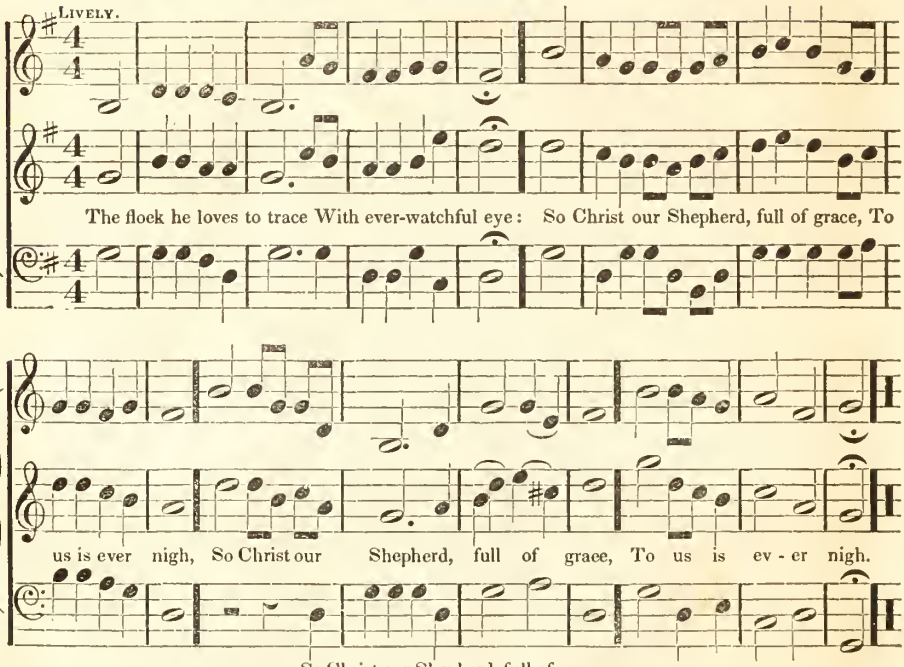
1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not; come, welcome, death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. S. M.

S. A.

Lively.
The flock he loves to trace With ever-watchful eye: So Christ our Shepherd, full of grace, To
us is ever nigh, So Christ our Shepherd, full of grace, To us is ev - er nigh.
So Christ our Shepherd, full of grace,

2 The sheep his kindness know,
When timid fear alarms;
So we, affrighted, safely go
To our Redeemer's arms.

3 The lambs he gently leads
To pastures green and fair;
And so the Saviour kindly feeds
The children of his care.

4 When stormy tempests blow,
He shields them from the cold;
So to escape from sin and wo
We enter Jesus' fold.

5 Thy voice to hear we love,
Dear Shepherd! be our guide;
That we within thy fold above
Forever may abide.

Praise for the Sabbath. S. M.

1 The Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath is our day;
For then we read and hear God's word,
We learn to praise and pray.

2 That day with songs we bless,
It hath the light of seven,
When Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
Shines on our path to heaven.

3 Ours is the Sabbath-school;
Its lessons may we prize,
And grow by every gospel rule
Unto salvation wise.

4 So all our lives below,
In wisdom's pleasant ways,
The fruits of Sabbath-schools will show
The bliss of Sabbath-days.

5 Lord of the Sabbath! send
Prosperity and peace,
Till tasks and teaching here shall end,
Tongues fail, and knowledge cease;

6 Then heaven itself shall be
One Sabbath-school above,
And undisturbed eternity
One Sabbath-day of love.

Praise to the Saviour. S. M.

1 To praise the Saviour's name
Let little children try;
While saints and angels do the same
In the bright world on high.

2 His love in heaven is sung,
His name is there adored;
And children here, however young,
May learn to praise the Lord.

3 The wonders of that love
No earthly tongue can tell,
Which brought the Saviour from above,
To save our souls from hell.

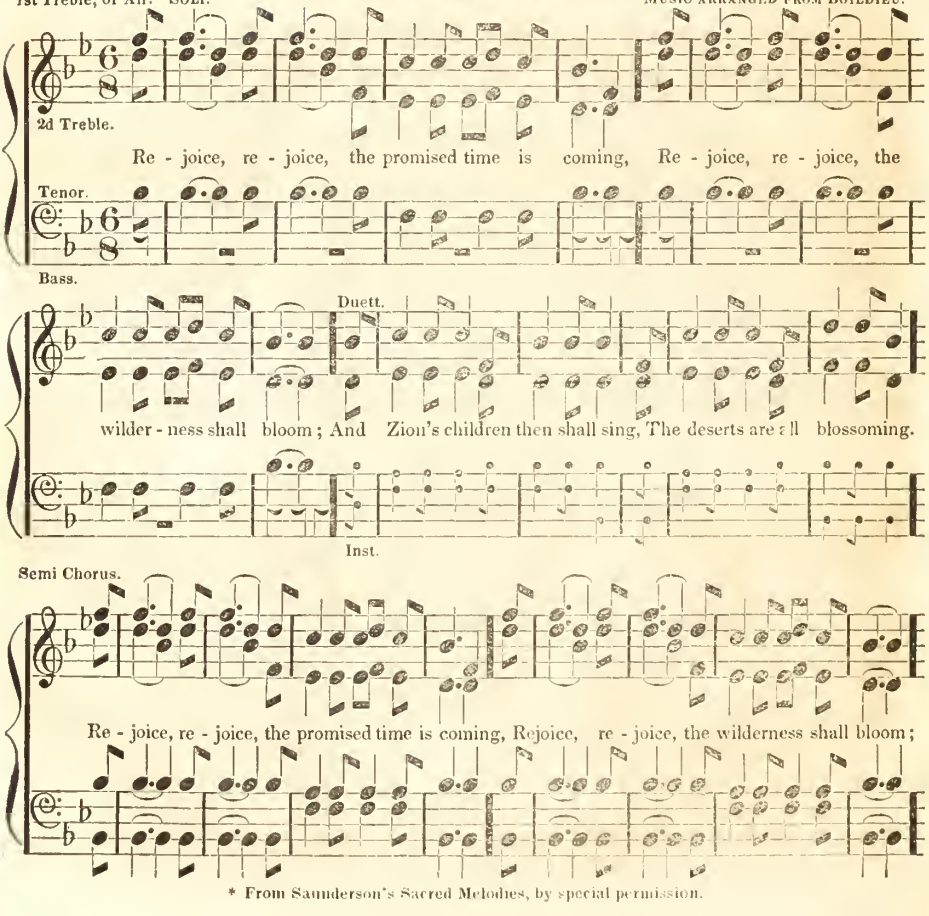
4 For us he wept and bled,
And suffered all his pain;
For us was numbered with the dead,
And rose to life again.

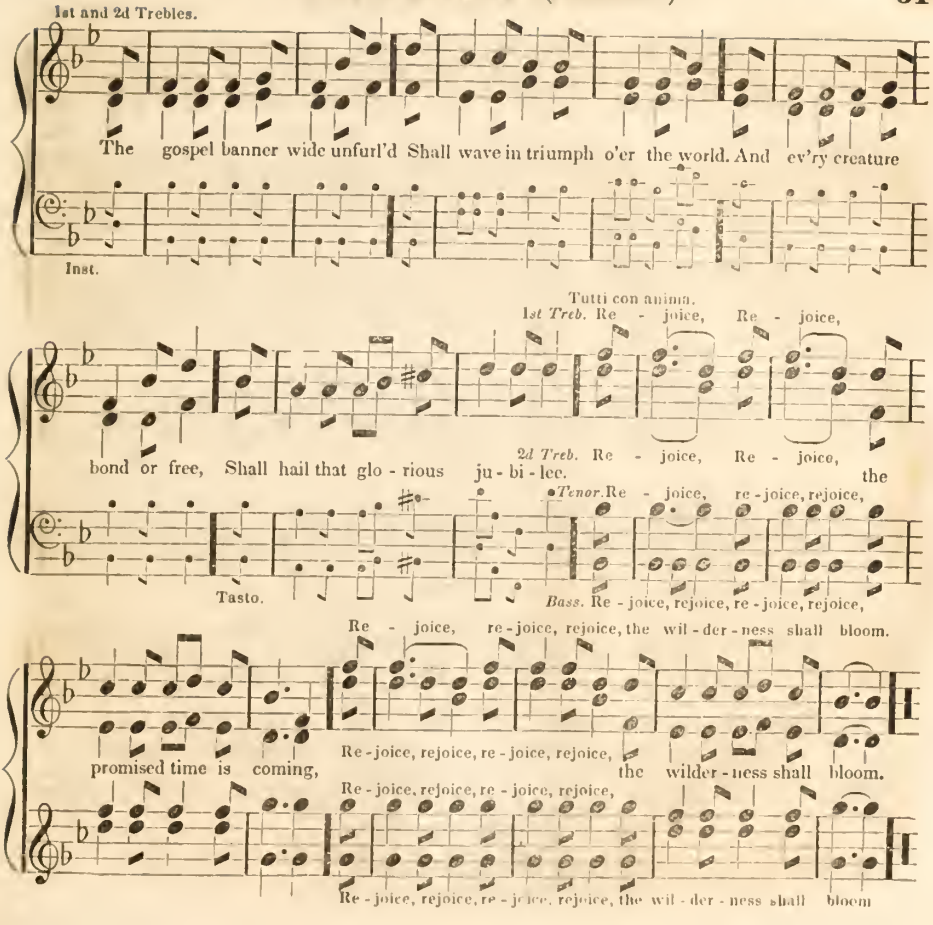
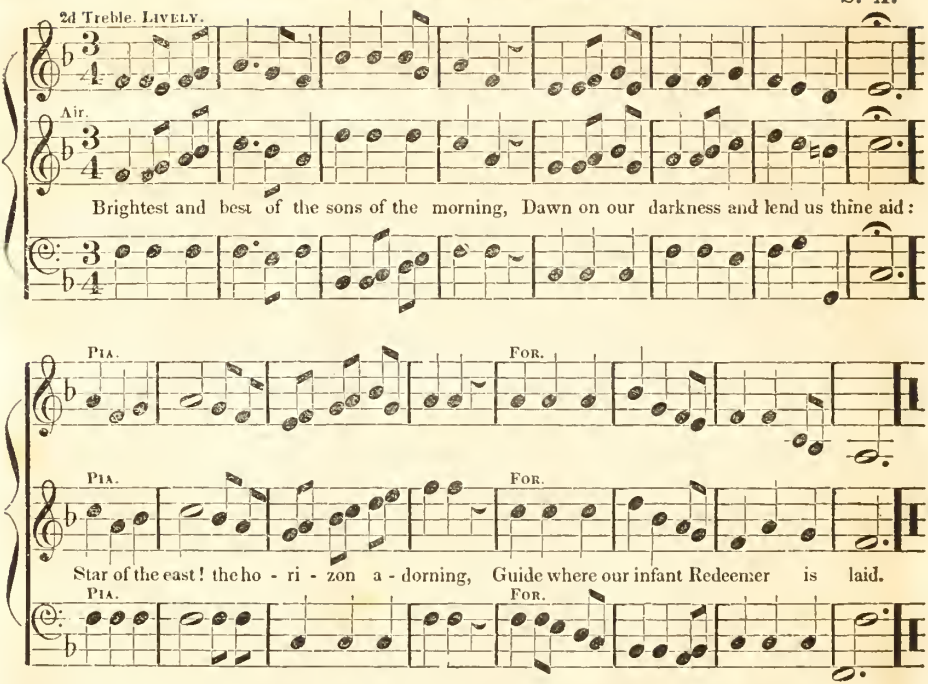
5 And still for us he prays,
And makes our souls his care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.

6 Lord Jesus! grant that we
May know thy saving grace:
On earth thy humble followers be;
In heaven behold thy face.

MILLENNIUM.*

WORDS BY J. SAULDERSON, ESQ.
MUSIC ARRANGED FROM BOILDIEU.

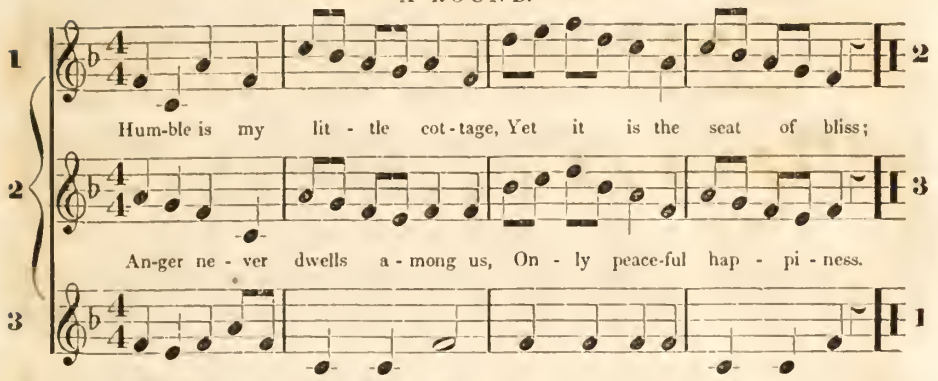

1st Treble, or Air. SOLI.
2d Treble.
Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the
Tenor.
Bass.
Duett.
wilder - ness shall bloom; And Zion's children then shall sing, The deserts are all blossoming.
Inst.
Semi Chorus.
Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, re - joice, the wilderness shall bloom;

* From Saunderson's Sacred Melodies, by special permission.

1st and 2d Trebles.
The gospel banner wide unfurl'd Shall wave in triumph o'er the world. And ev'ry creature
Inst.
Tutti con anima.
1st Treb. Re - joice, Re - joice,
bond or free, Shall hail that glo - rious ju - bi - lee.
2d Treb. Re - joice, Re - joice,
Tenor. Re - joice, re - joice, rejoice,
the
Tasto.
Bass. Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,
Re - joice, re - joice, rejoice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom.
promised time is coming,
Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,
the wilder - ness shall bloom.
Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,
Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom

2d Treble. LIVELY.
Air.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
PIA.
FOR.
PIA.
FOR.
Star of the east! the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
PIA.
FOR.

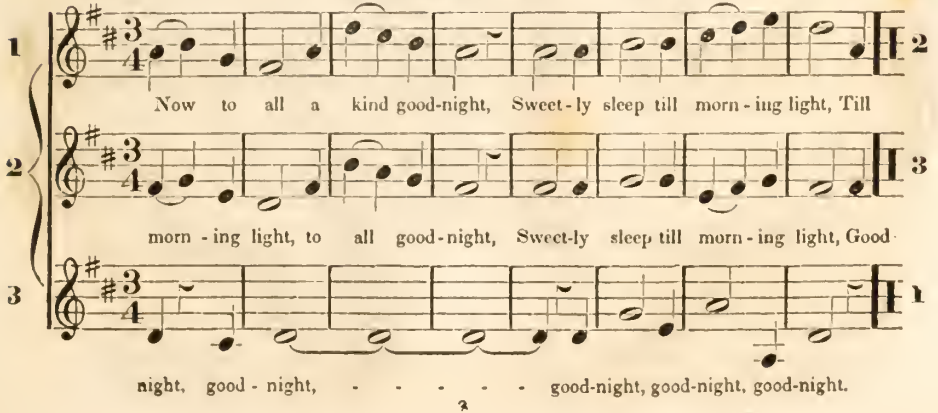
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and offerings divine;
Gems of the mountains, and pearl of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

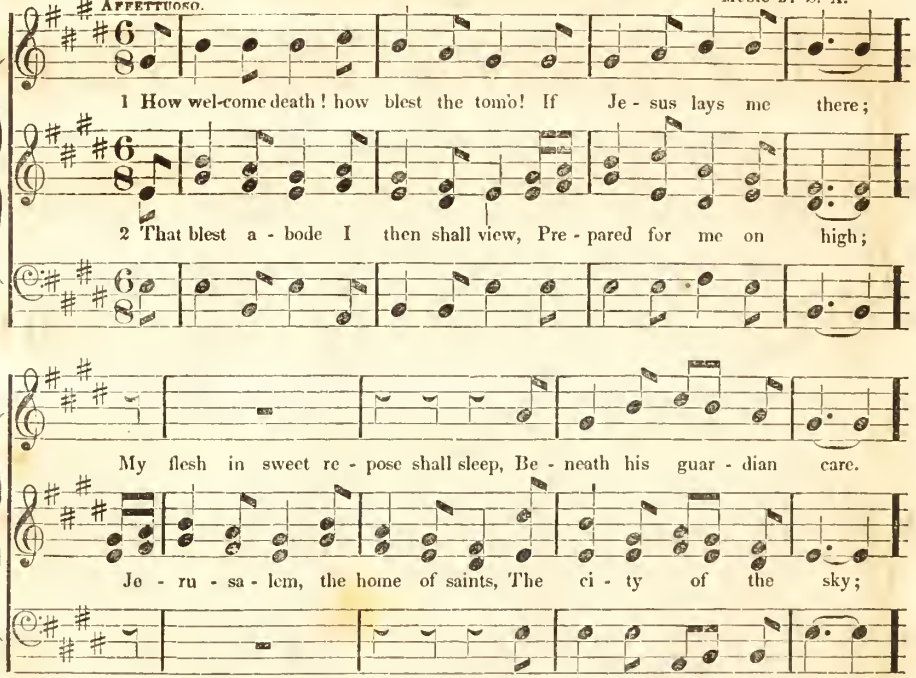
A ROUND.

1
2
3
Hum-ble is my lit - tle cot - tage, Yet it is the seat of bliss;
An-ger ne - ver dwells a - mong us, On - ly peace-ful hap - pi - ness.
Kindness there you al - ways see; And the sweet-est har - mo - ny.

A ROUND.


1
2
3
Now to all a kind good-night, Sweet-ly sleep till morn-ing light, Till
morn - ing light, to all good-night, Sweet-ly sleep till morn-ing light, Good
night, good - night, - - - - - good-night, good-night, good-night.

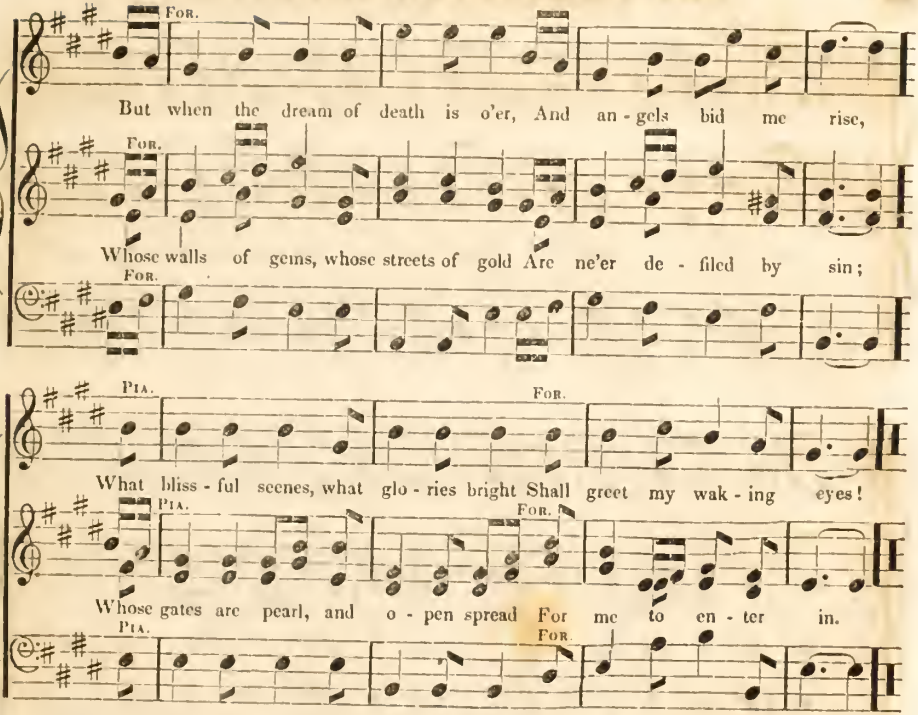
DURBIN. C. M.

Words by R. W. D.
Music by S. A.

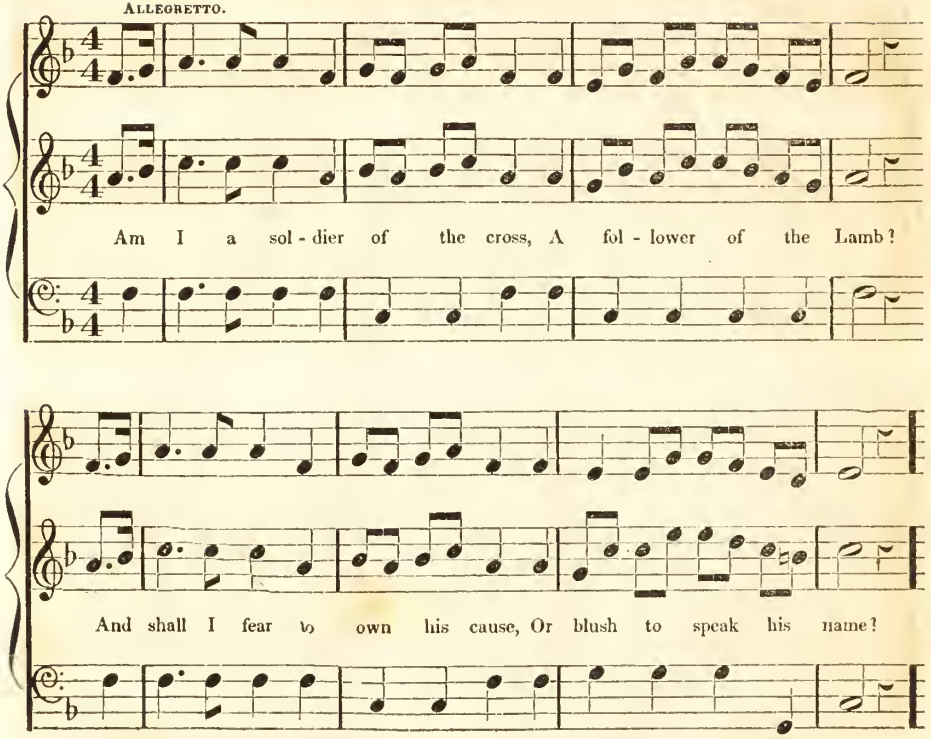

Affettuoso.
1 How wel-come death! how blest the tomb! If Je - sus lays me there;
2 That blest a - bode I then shall view, Pre - pared for me on high;
My flesh in sweet re - pose shall sleep, Be - neath his guar - dian care.
Je - ru - sa - lem, the home of saints, The ci - ty of the sky;

3 With outstretch'd hands and eager wings,
I'll mount from earth away;
Impatient haste shall speed my flight,
To reach those realms of day.
But, O! when safe the portals past,
What bliss without alloy!
My ravish'd soul shall then o'erflow,
And sing and shout for joy.

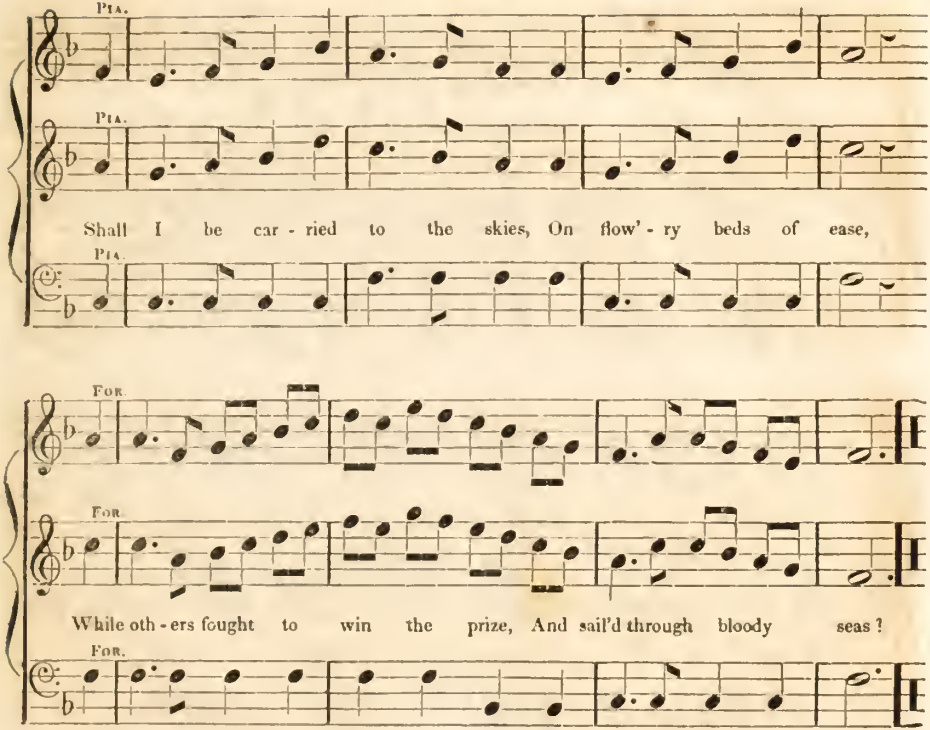
4 There shall I meet, in blest embrace,
The loved ones gone before;
Nor fear again that parting wo
We felt on Jordan's shore.
The anguish and the storms of life,
This guilt-defiling stain,
Shall never more distract my peace,
Or cause to mourn again.


For.
But when the dream of death is o'er, And an - gels bid me rise,
For.
Whose walls of gems, whose streets of gold Are ne'er de - filed by sin;
For.
Pia.
For.
What bliss - ful scenes, what glo - ries bright Shall greet my wak - ing eyes!
Pia.
For.
Whose gates are pearl, and o - pen spread For me to en - ter in.
Pia.
For.

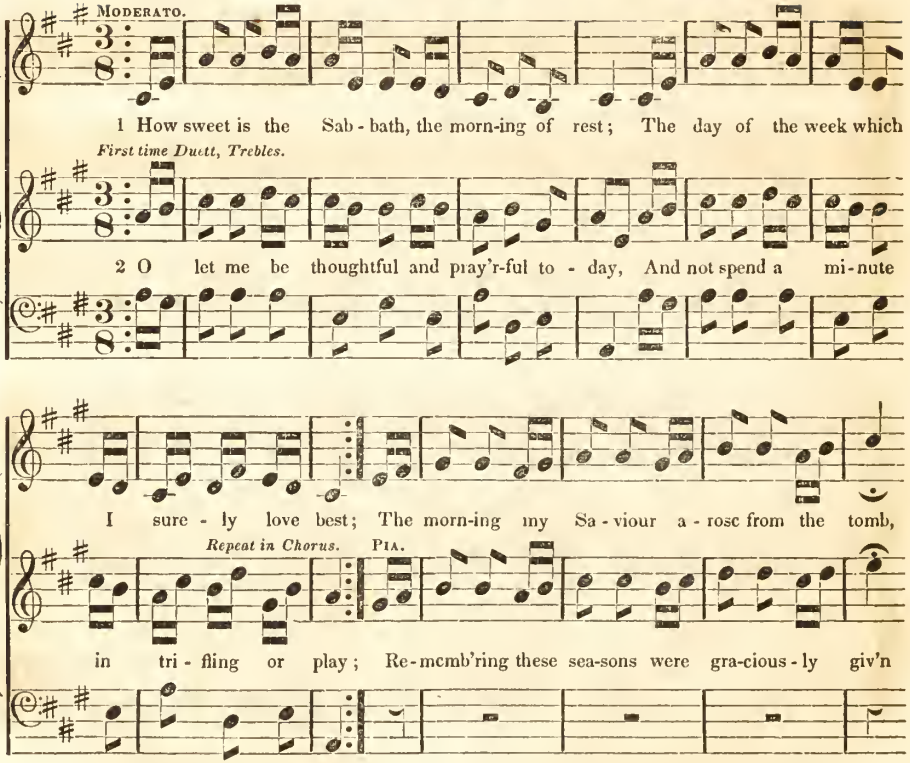
5 There shall I drink of living streams,
And join that sainted throng
Whose harps of gold to transports swell
Redemption's sweetest song.
My Saviour, too, mine eyes shall see,
In whom all raptures meet;
To gaze upon his form divine,
A heav'n would be complete

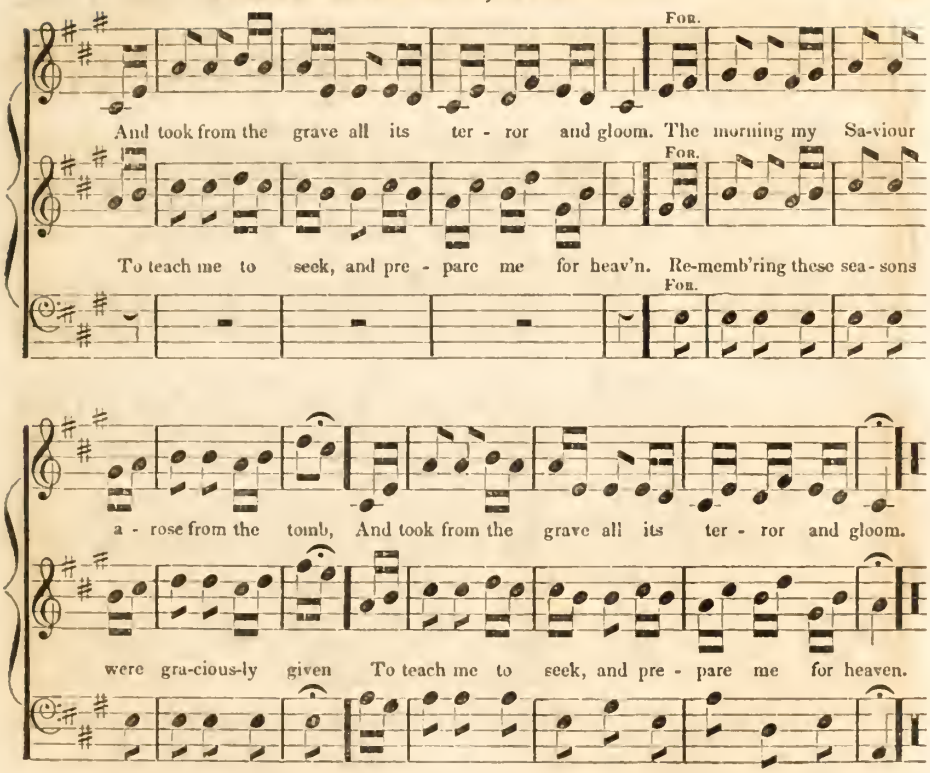
6 But in that bright perpetual day,
My joys can ne'er be told;
For long as age on age shall roll,
Will new delights unfold.
O happy home! O mansions blest!
When, when shall I be there!
When will this pilgrim journey end?
That rest, when shall I share!

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.


Pia.
Pia.
Shall I be car - ried to the skies, On flow' - ry beds of ease,
Pia.
For.
For.
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?
For.

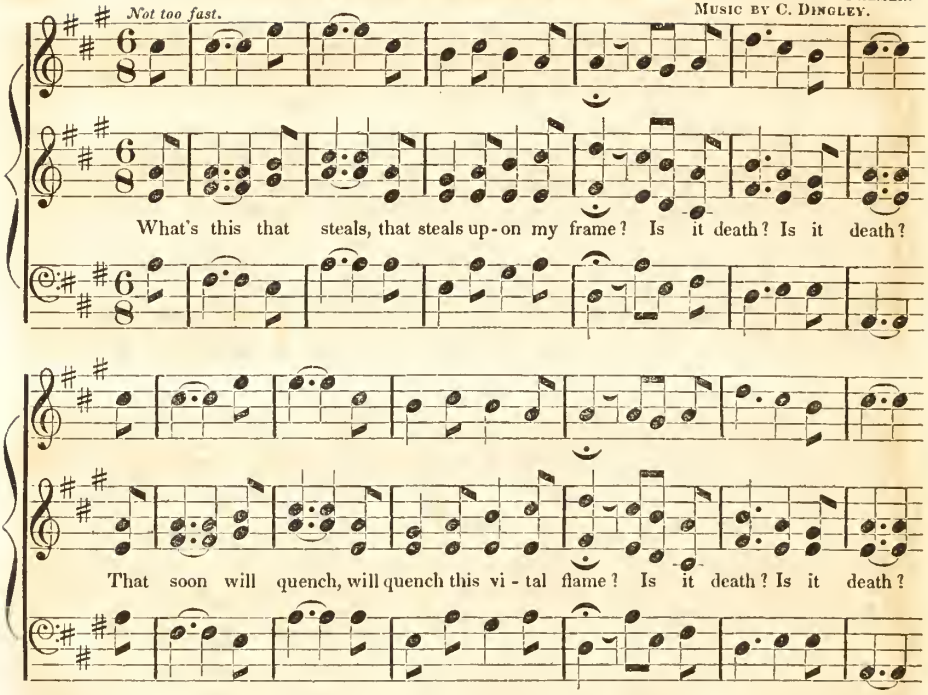
5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine;
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Moderato.
1 How sweet is the Sab - bath, the morn-ing of rest; The day of the week which
First time Duett, Trebles.
2 O let me be thoughtful and pray'r-ful to - day, And not spend a mi - nute
I sure - ly love best; The morn-ing my Sa - viour a - rose from the tomb,
Repeat in Chorus.
Pia.
in tri - fling or play; Re - memb'ring these sea-sons were gra-cious - ly giv'n

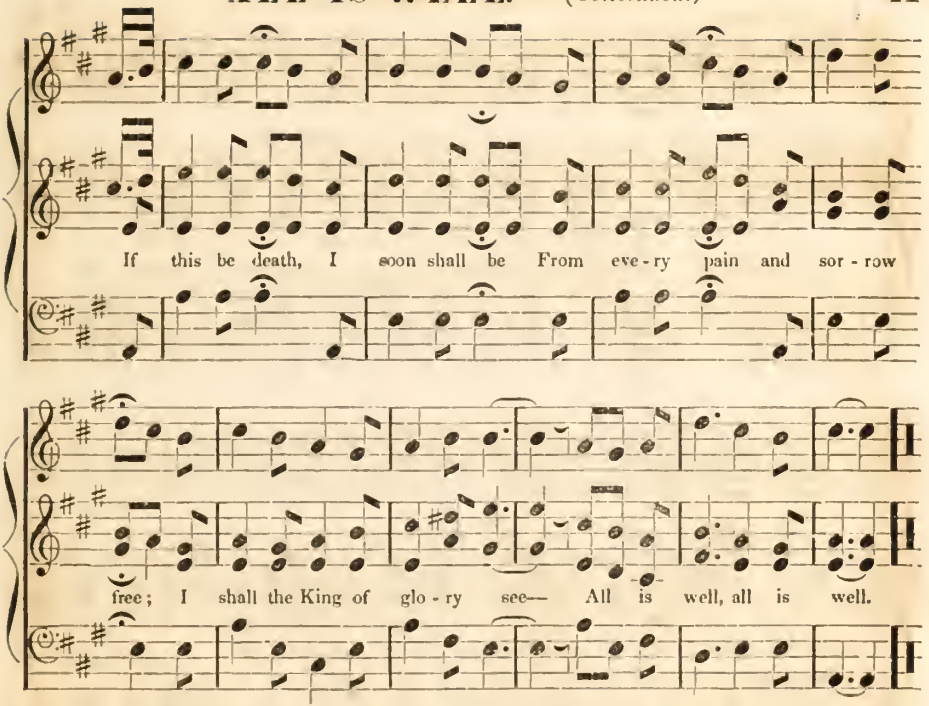
3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

For.
And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom. The morning my Sa-viour
For.
To teach me to seek, and pre - pare me for heav'n. Re-memb'ring these sea - sons
For.
a - rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom.
were gra-cious-ly given To teach me to seek, and pre - pare me for heaven.

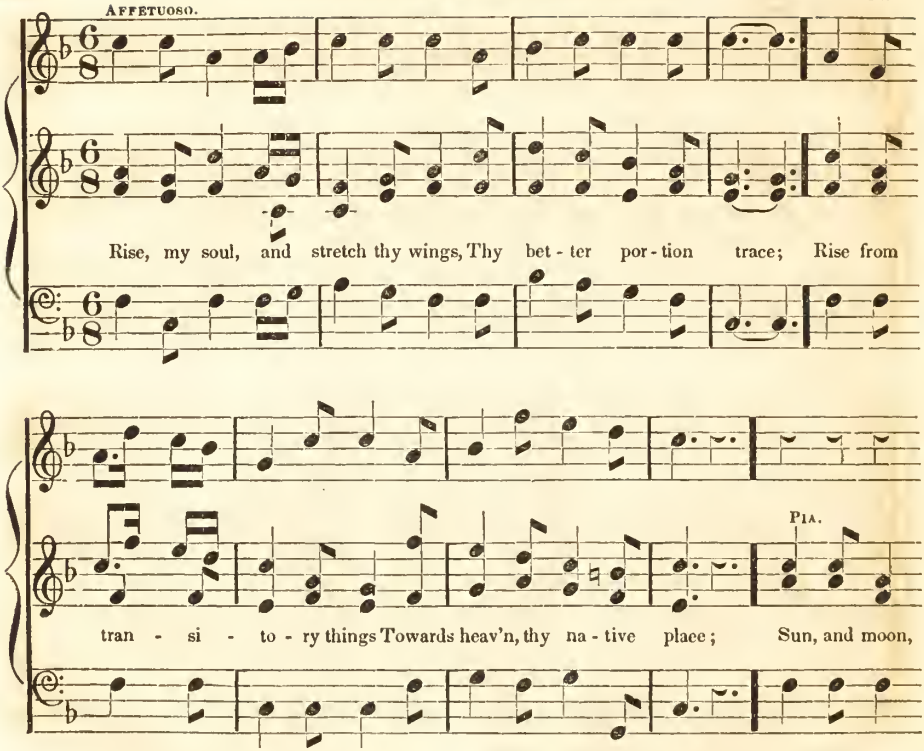
4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

ALL IS WELL.

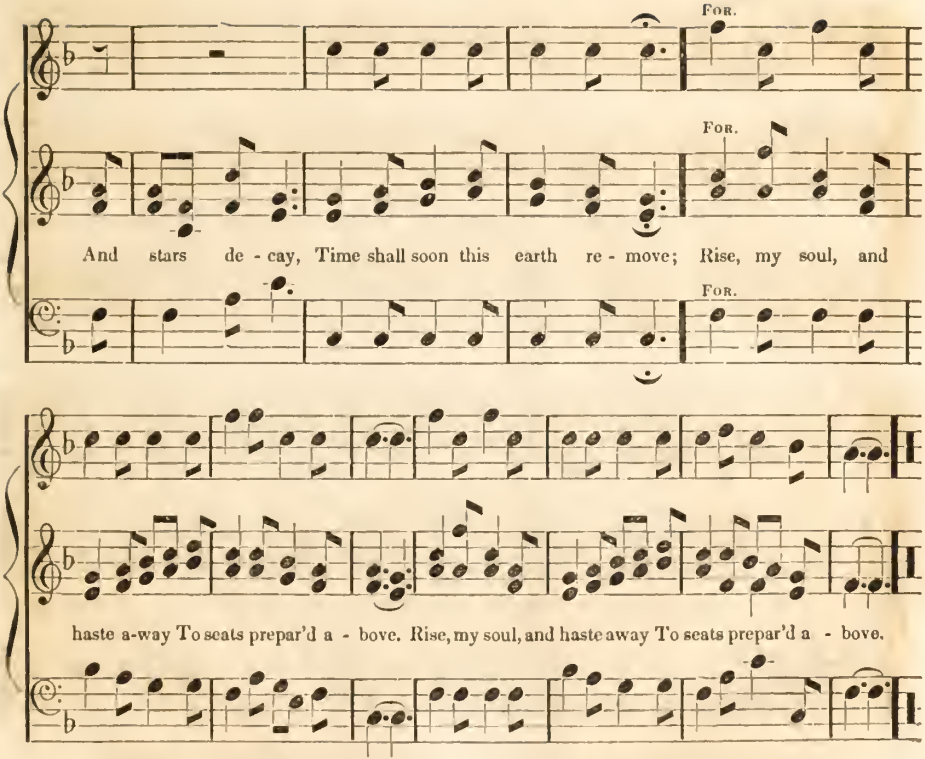
WORDS BY MRS. P. PALMER.
MUSIC BY C. DINGLEY.

Not too fast.
What's this that steals, that steals up-on my frame? Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vi-tal flame? Is it death? Is it death?

2 Weep not my friends, my friends, weep not for me,
All is well, all is well.
My sins are pardon'd, pardon'd, I am free,
All is well, all is well.
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Saviour from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies—
All is well, all is well.

3 Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls with grace,
All is well, all is well.
I soon shall see, shall see his heavenly face,
All is well, all is well.
Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view—
All is well, all is well.

4 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory, sing;
All is well, all is well.
I'll praise my God, my Saviour, and my King,
All is well, all is well.
Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well, all is well.

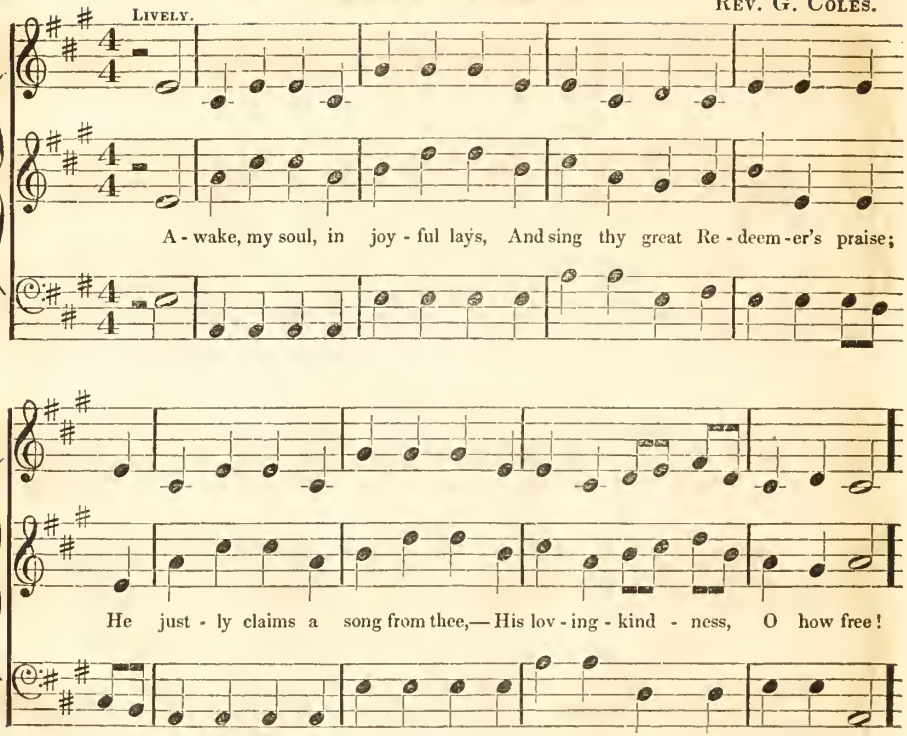
5 Hail, hail, all hail! all hail, ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace,
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace.
All, all is peace and joy divine,
All heaven and glory now are mine;
O, hallelujah to the Lamb;
All is well, all is well

Affetuoso.
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from
Pia.
tran - si - to - ry things Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place; Sun, and moon,

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So the soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.


For.
For.
For.
And stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and
haste a-way To seats prepar'd a - bove. Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepar'd a - bove.

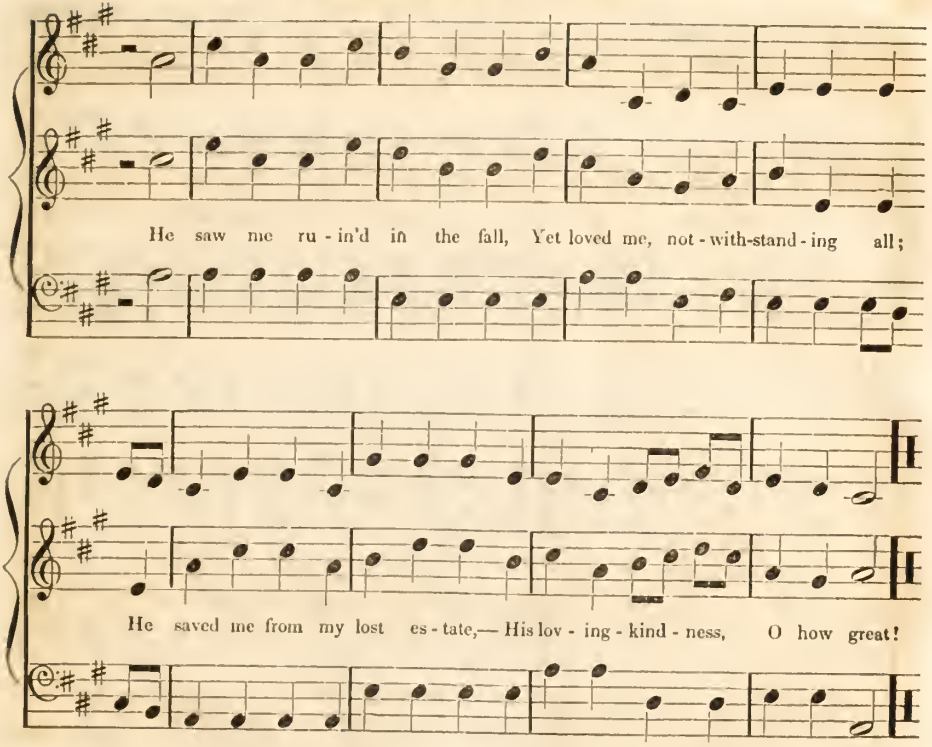
3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant, in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

REV. G. COLES.


LIVELY.
A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re - deem - er's praise;
He just - ly claims a song from thee,— His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!

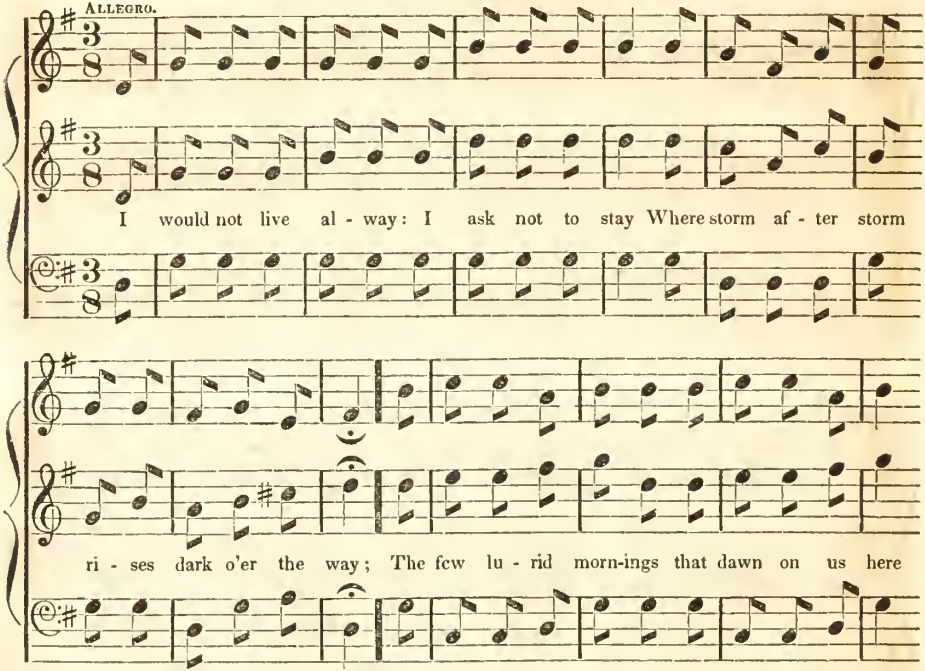
3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,—
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, O how good!


He saw me ru - in'd in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand - ing all;
He saved me from my lost es - tate,— His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

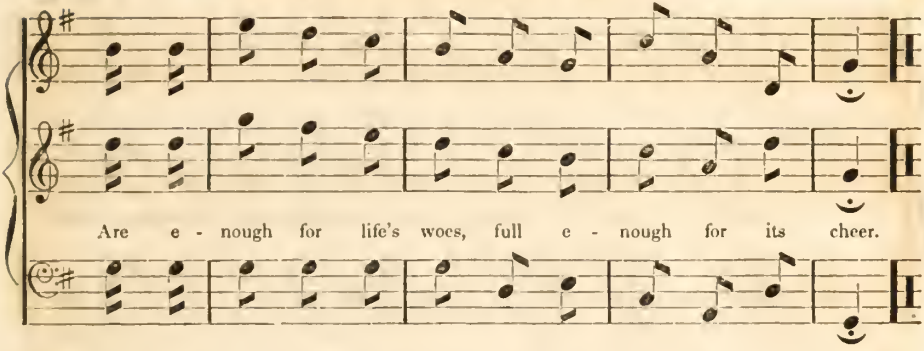

ALLEGRO.
I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm
ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that dawn on us here

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!



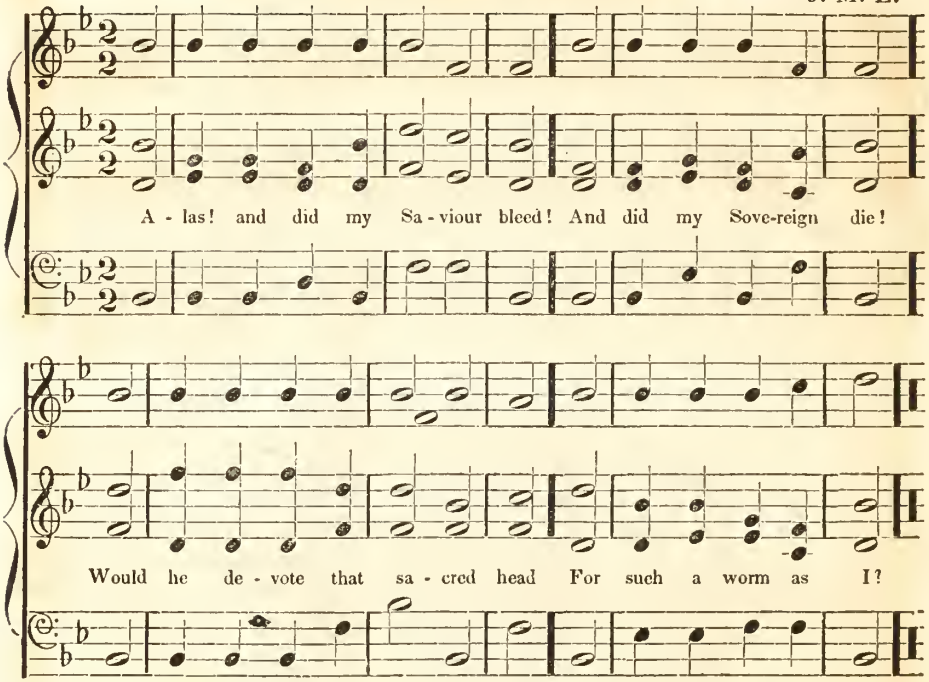
Jesus in the Garden.

1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olives, thou dear, honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet:
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

J. M. E.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Saviour died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

The only Retreat. C. M.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Waiting at Wisdom's Gate. C. M.

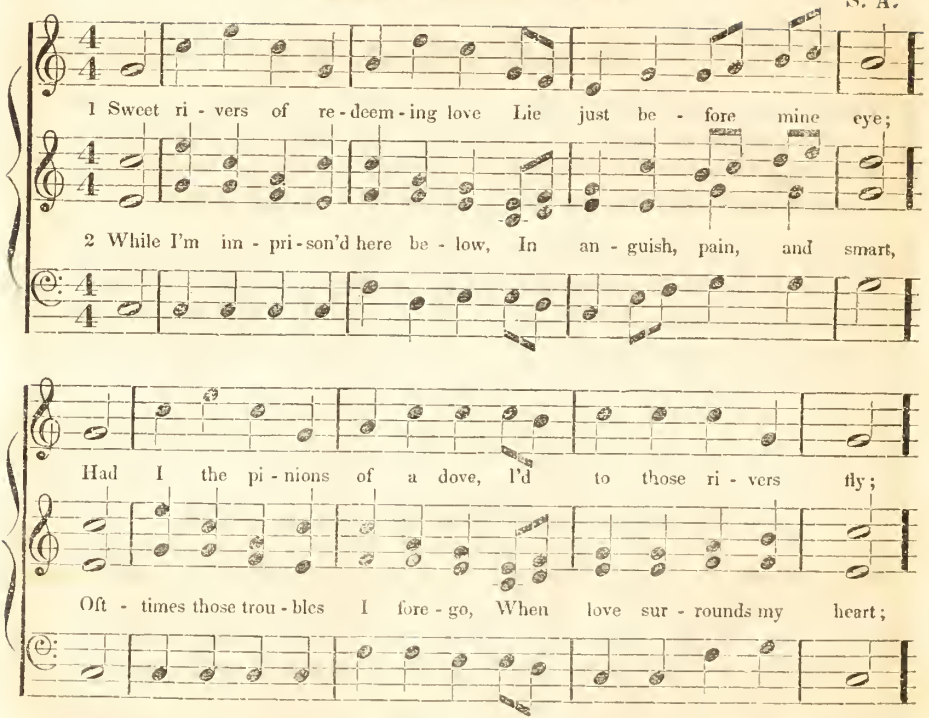
1 My heart has been too long ensnared
In folly's hurtful ways;
O may I be at length prepared
To hear what wisdom says!

2 'Tis Jesus from the mercy-seat
Invites me to his rest;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,
Approach without delay;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.

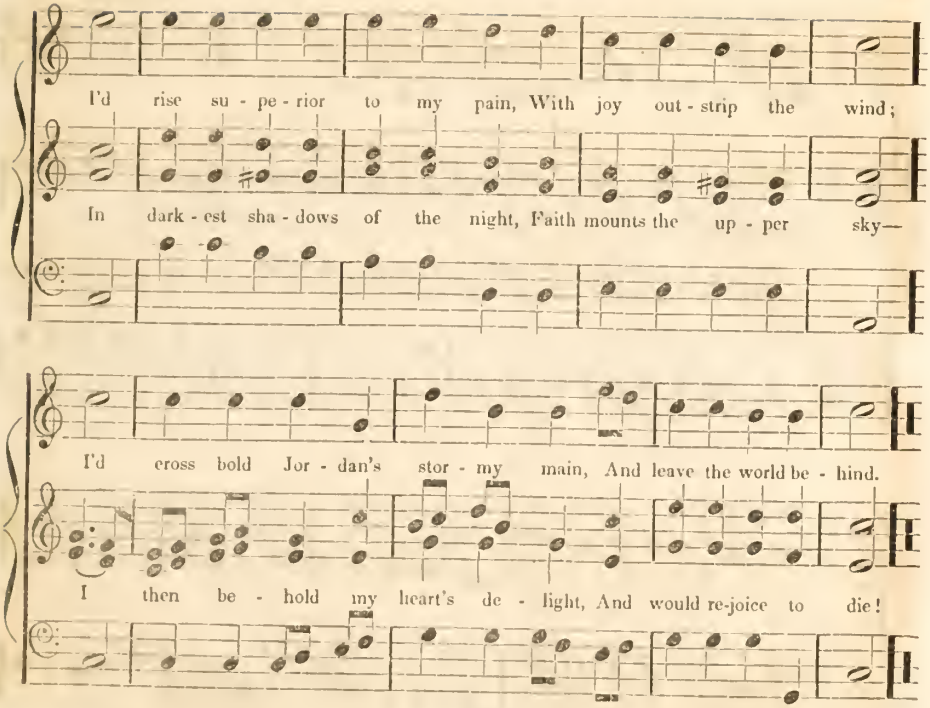
4 He will not let me seek in vain;
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

S. A.


1 Sweet ri - vers of re-deem-ing love Lie just be - fore mine eye;
2 While I'm in - pri-son'd here be - low, In an - guish, pain, and smart,
Had I the pi - nions of a dove, I'd to those ri - vers fly;
Oft - times those trou - bles I fore - go, When love sur - rounds my heart;

3 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore:
My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Transporting is to me.

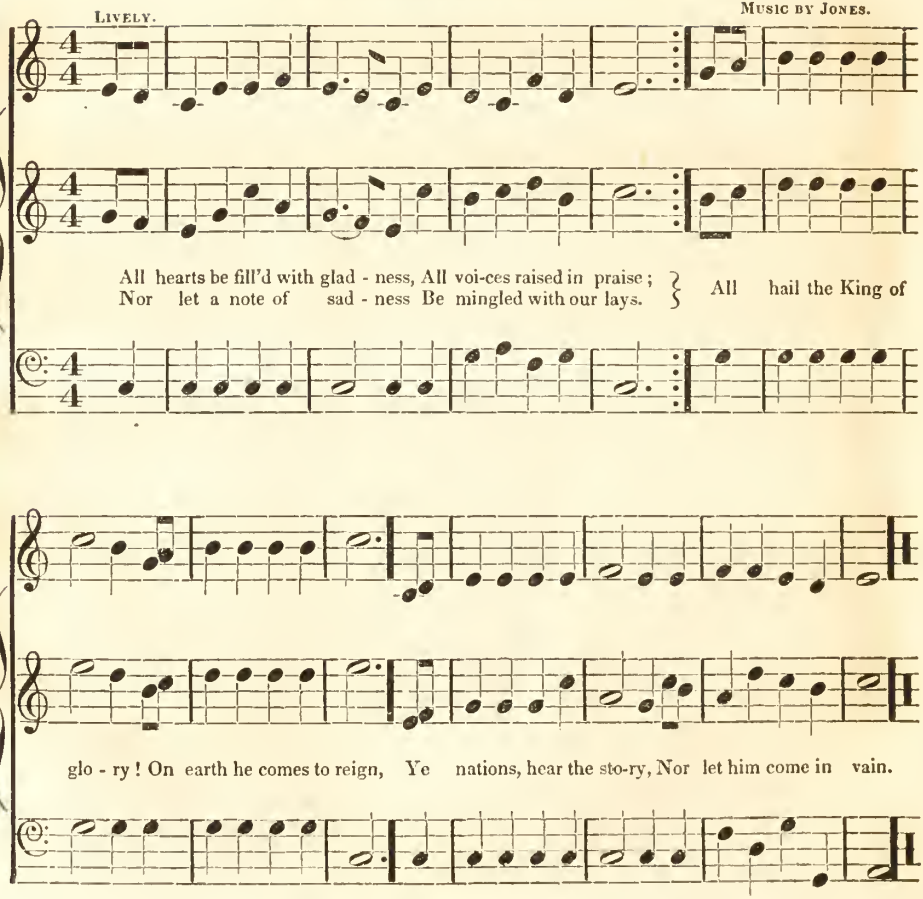
4 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay—
Make haste, and bring it nigh;
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.


I'd rise su - pe - rior to my pain, With joy out - strip the wind;
In dark - est sha - dows of the night, Faith mounts the up - per sky—
I'd cross bold Jor - dan's stor - my main, And leave the world be - hind.
I then be - hold my heart's de - light, And would re-joice to die!

5 Then I will tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring:
All hail! thou great, eternal God!
Who died on Calvary,
And saved me, with thy precious blood,
From endless misery.

6 Ten thousand thousand join in one,
To praise th' Eternal Three;
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility:
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And string th' immortal lyre;
And ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise their praises higher.

HE COMES. 7, 6.

Words by R. W. D.
Music by Jones.

Lively.
All hearts be fill'd with glad - ness, All voi-ces raised in praise;
Nor let a note of sad - ness Be mingled with our lays.
All hail the King of
glo - ry! On earth he comes to reign, Ye nations, hear the sto-ry, Nor let him come in vain.

He Comes.

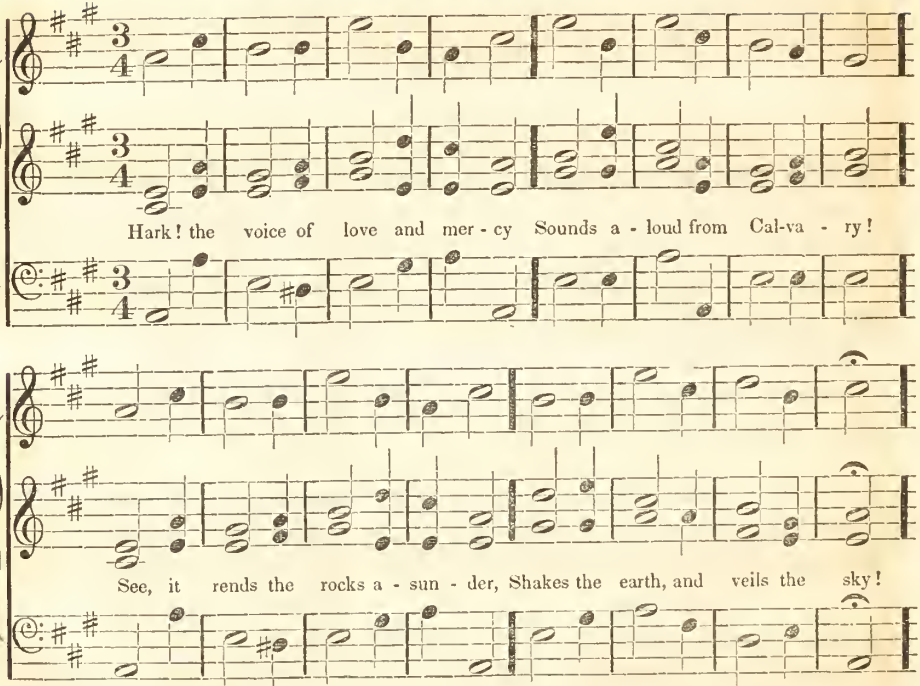
(*Concluded.*)

2 He comes where tears have started
From sorrows of mankind,
To bind the broken-hearted,
And raise the sinking mind.
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
Throughout sin's vast possession
Proclaiming liberty.

2 He comes a while to suffer,
Redemption to procure;
And then his grace to proffer
Freely, to rich and poor.
He comes to gain the victory,
To bruise the serpent's head,
To captive lead captivity,
Alone the wine-press tread.

3 He comes: and with him bringing
That peace without alloy,
Which fills the wastes with singing,
And hills with bounding joy.
He comes, the way to heaven
Re-opening unto earth;
And to his saints has given
Life, and immortal birth.

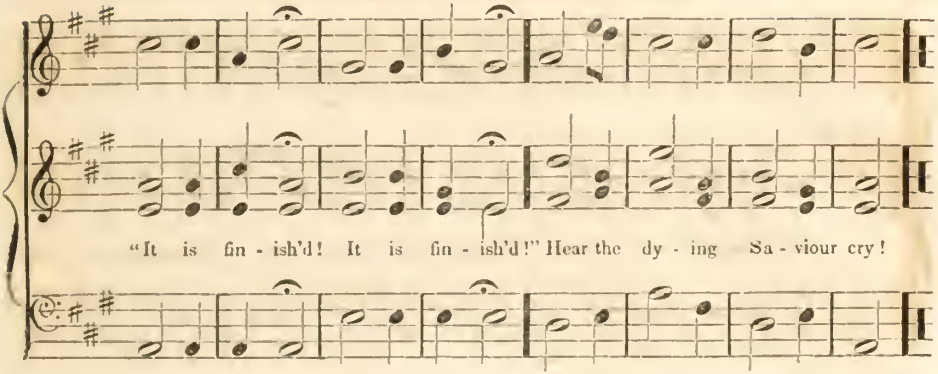
4 Our hearts shall hail his coming,
Our songs his love repeat:
And, all our honours summing,
We'll spread them at his feet.
All hail the King of glory!
Hosannas greet his birth!
Proclaim aloud the story,
He comes to reign on earth!


Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal-va - ry!
See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

2 "It is finish'd"—O, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record.

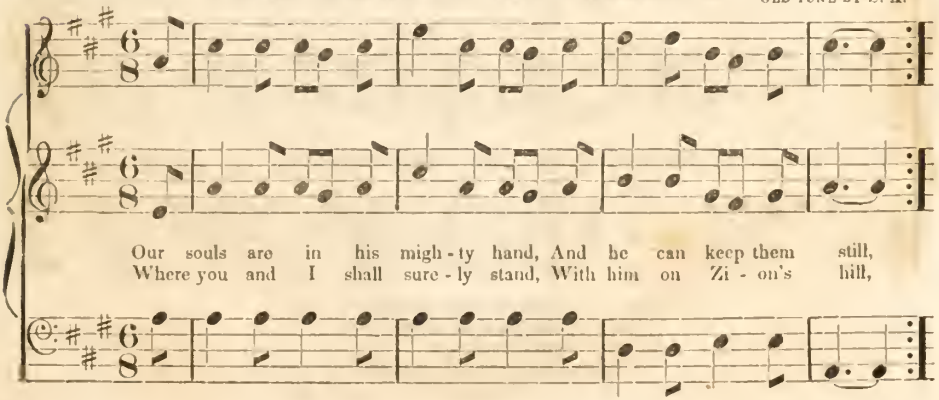
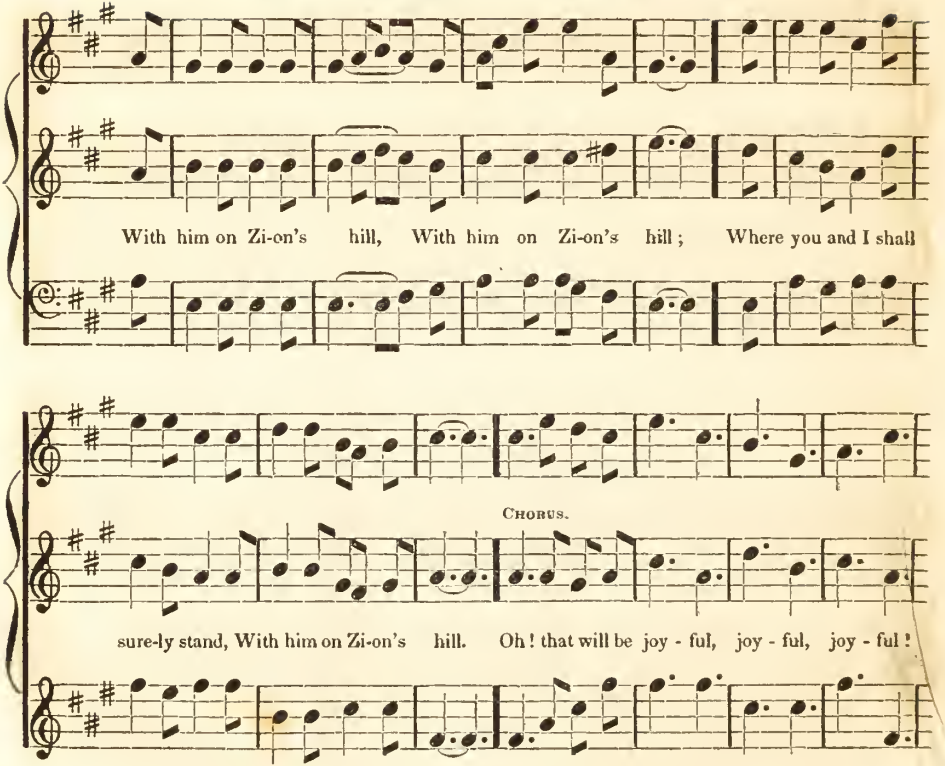
3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!



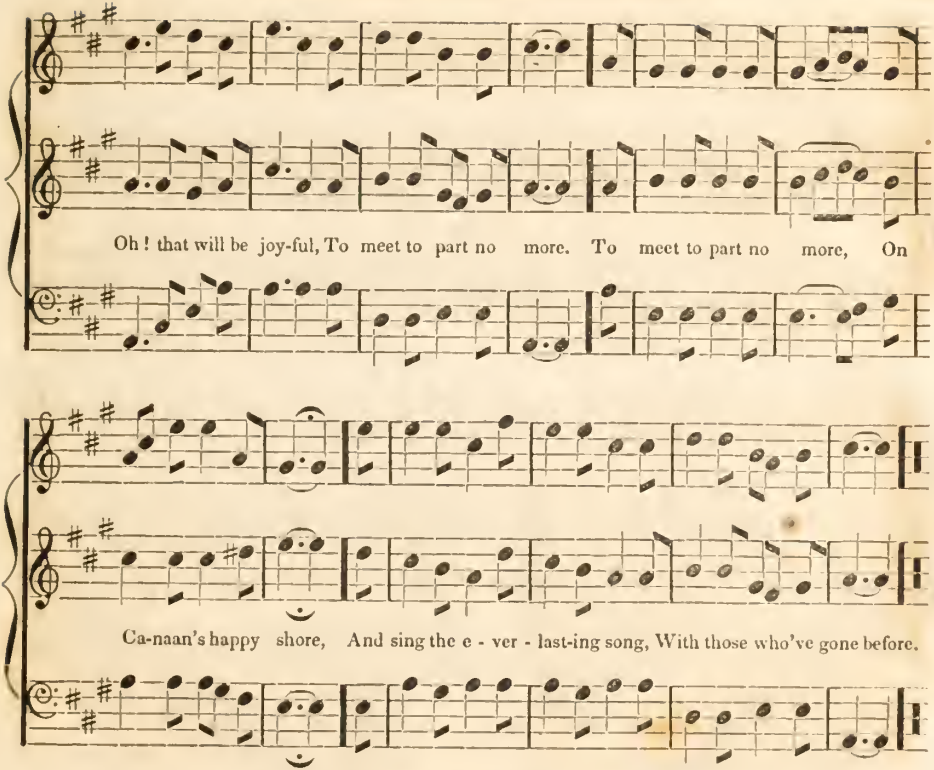
THE JOYFUL MEETING.

ARRANGED FROM AN OLD TUNE BY S. A.



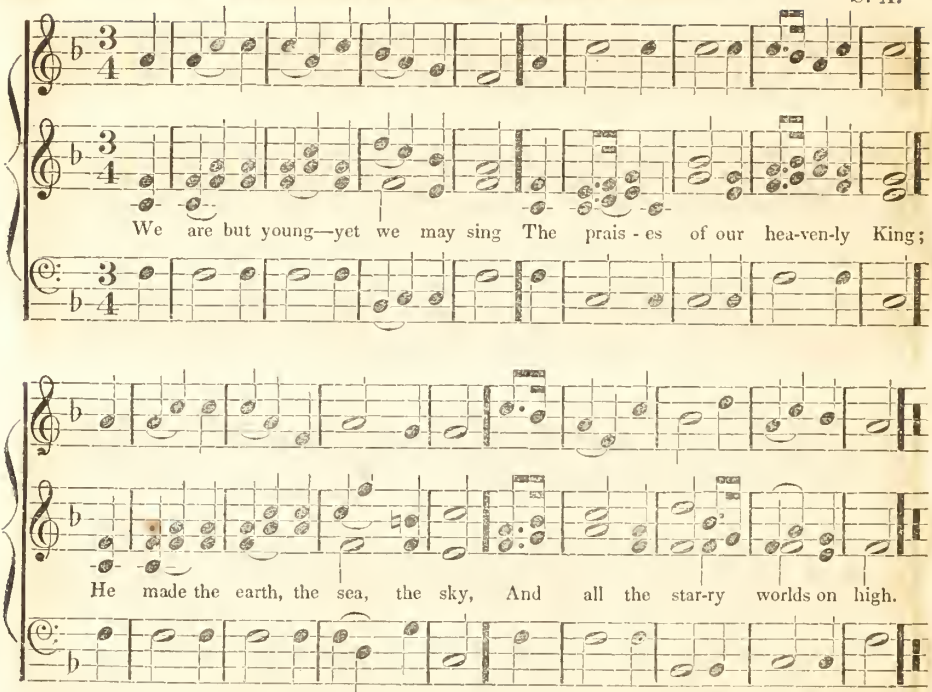
With him on Zi-on's hill, With him on Zi-on's hill; Where you and I shall
CHORUS.
sure-ly stand, With him on Zi-on's hill. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful!

2 Him, eye to eye, we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine:
Oh, what a glorious company,
Where saints and angels join!
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.


Oh! that will be joy-ful, To meet to part no more. To meet to part no more, On
Ca-naan's happy shore, And sing the e - ver - last-ing song, With those who've gone before.

3 Oh, what a happy meeting there,
When saints, in white array'd,
Palms in their hands they all shall bear,
And crowns upon their heads.
Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

WE ARE BUT YOUNG. L. M.

S. A.

We are but young—yet we may sing The prais - es of our hea-ven-ly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And all the star-ry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment-day.

3 We are but young—yet we must die,
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

Evening Thoughts. L. M.

1 My days on earth, how swift they run!
Another Sabbath's nearly gone;
And who can tell but this may be
The only Sabbath I shall see.

2 Since I am not too young to die,
I would at once to Jesus fly;
His precious blood, for sinners spilt,
Can wash away the foulest guilt.

3 I would his word of truth believe,
That little children he'll receive;
Their feeble prayer will not disdain,
Nor shall they seek his face in vain.

4 On this dear Friend may I rely;
Then, should I soon be called to die,
I need not fear, for death would be
A welcome messenger to me.

The Youth's Trust in God. L. M.

1 Launch'd forth on time's relentless wave,
Like Peter once, I trembling stand;
Thy kind regard, O Lord, I crave;
Save me, and bring me safe to land.

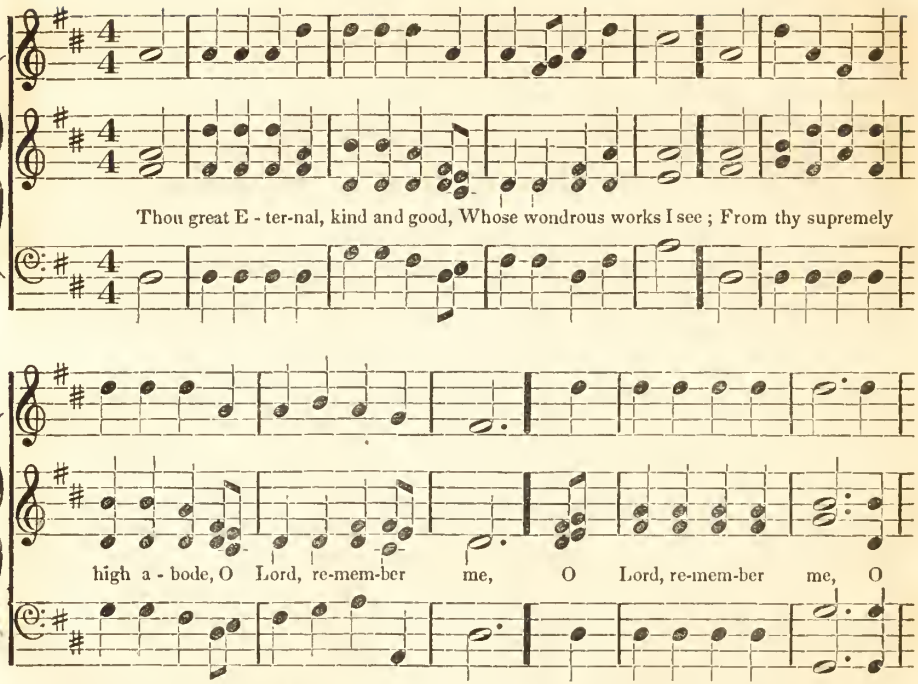
2 Though but a young adventurer true,
My confidence is placed in God;
And onward constantly pursue
The path that leads to thine abode.

3 My trembling heart at times gives way,
When huge, dark, threat'ning storms appear;
But He who hears the feeble pray,
Will give my soul abundant cheer.

4 How shall a young man cleanse his way,
But by believing, Lord, on thee?
And though dark clouds obscure the day,
I shall thy full salvation see.

O LORD, REMEMBER ME. C. M.

S. A.

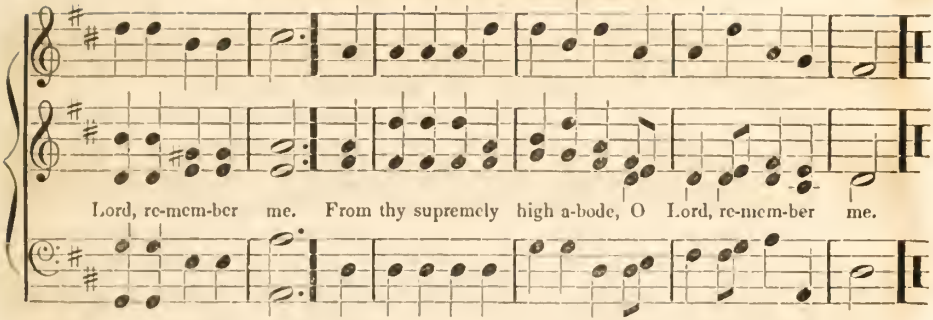

Thou great E - ter-nal, kind and good, Whose wondrous works I see ; From thy supremely
high a - bode, O Lord, re-mem-ber me, O Lord, re-mem-ber me, O

2 O thou who didst our flesh assume,
Who died on Calvary:
When in thy kingdom thou shalt come—
Then, Lord, remember me.

3 When in thy beauteous courts I tread,
To bow the suppliant knee;
O that the church's glorious Head
Would then remember me!

4 There, with thy people while I stay,
T' adore and worship thee,
How sweet the moments pass away,
If thou remember me!

5 Or when sequester'd I shall bend,
To offer prayer to thee;
In glorious majesty descend,
And then remember me.



6 To thee shall all my days be given,
Whate'er their number be;
And these shall form a type of heaven,
If thou remember me.

7 Preserve, O Lord, our children dear,
From all corruption free;
And bring them round thy throne t' appear,
And then remember me.

8 And when to pass the lonely vale
The curfew tolls for me;
No terrors shall my heart assail,
Remember'd, Lord, by thee.

9 And when the term of life shall close,
And death shall set me free;
Then, with a heavenly, calm repose,
O Lord, remember me.

Lord, remember Me.

1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

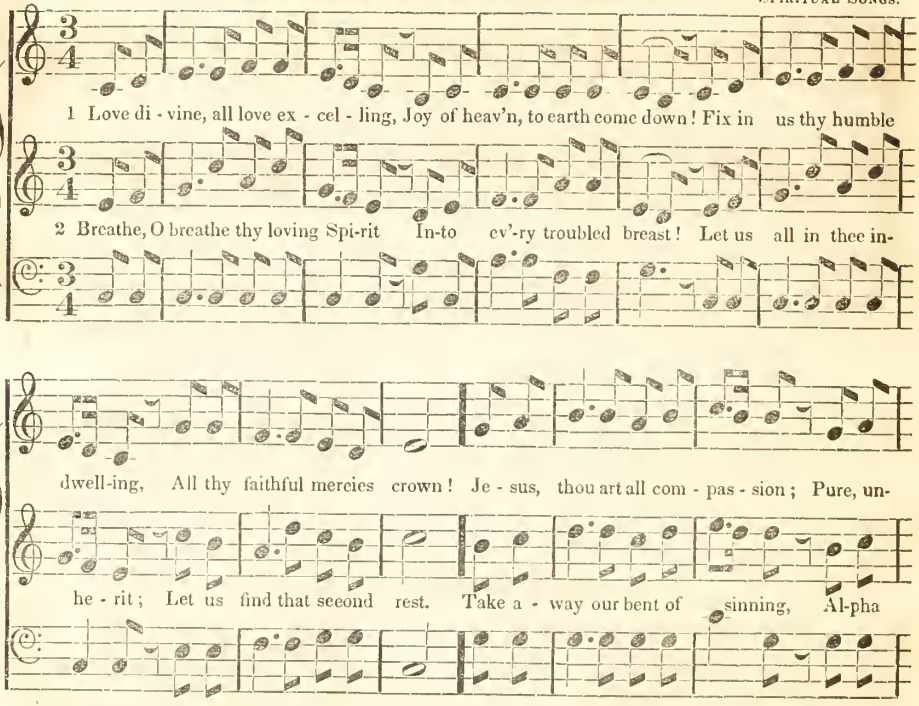
2 When on my aching, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart:
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
Good Lord, remember me.

4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
Good Lord, remember me.

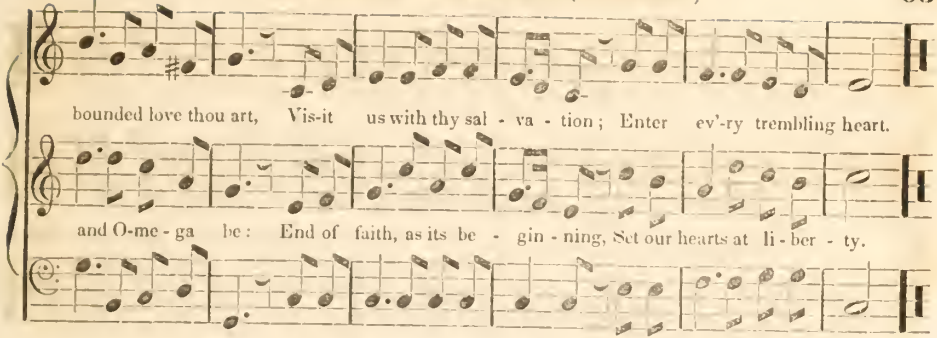
5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.


1 Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spi-rit In-to ev'-ry troubled breast! Let us all in thee in-
dwell-ing, All thy faithful mercies crown! Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion; Pure, un-
he - rit; Let us find that second rest. Take a - way our bent of sinning, Al-pha

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing—
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!


bounded love thou art, Vis-it us with thy sal - va - tion; Enter ev'-ry trembling heart.
and O-me - ga be: End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at li - ber - ty.

Address to Youth.

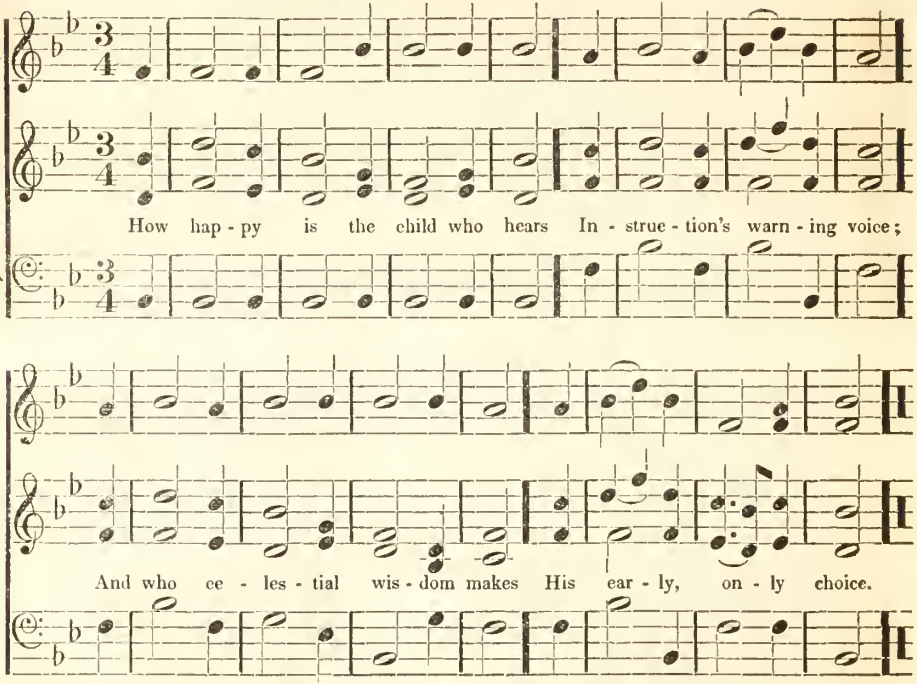
1 Come, young people, love your Saviour;
Be entreated in his name;
Lo! his hands are full of favour,
Now, and evermore the same;
Mortal life! how brief its story!
Soon indeed it flits away;
And this world, with all its glory,
Is the bubble of a day.

2 Soon the opening grave will claim you,
Reptile worms devour your blood;
Death will draw his bow and slay you;—
None have yet his darts withstood.
O! how kindly does the Saviour
Call you to his loved embrace!
Offering you his richest favour,
If you will accept his grace.

3 See what glittering crowns are given,
Vestments glorious and divine;
Open'd are the gates of heaven,
Where eternal splendours shine;
Angels, from the heights of glory,
Hail you to their bowers of bliss;
Holding in their hands before you,
Crowns and robes of righteousness.

4 God himself comes down to move you,
Dwells in human flesh and blood;
And to show how much he loves you,
Pours a soul-atoning flood.
Lo! his heart is all compassion,
Love has brought him from the skies;
On the cross behold his passion,
Lo! for all the world he dies:

5 Then, ascending up to glory,
Opens wide the treasures there;
And—how wonderful the story!—
All the world may claim a share.
O, ye sons of dissipation,
Jesus bids you each receive
All the gifts of his salvation,
With a place in heaven to live.

6 Give your hearts to God forever,
And your earliest youthful love;
Give yourself to Christ the Saviour,
And his boundless goodness prove.
O, what beauteous scenes shall greet you!
Angels and archangels there;
Child and cherub soon shall meet you,
With an everlasting cheer.—J. Rusling

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all her stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.